# NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

VOLUME VI.---NO. 44. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1846. WHOLE NUMBER 304.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.
At 142, Nassau Street, New-York.

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H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.


## Pro-Slavery.

From the Morning News.

### NEGRO VOTERS, JURORS, AND OFFICERS.

In a former article we stated that the principal object of most of the Whigs who have participated in the movement for a Convention to revise the Constitution of this State, has been to procure the right of suffrage for the negroes to the same extent that it is enjoyed by white citizens. This fact will not be denied; if it should, it would be easy to prove it incontestably. In this object they have been prompted by the contemptible desire of reaping a petty, party advantage. The negroes within this State are, as a class, in the most degraded condition. They are among us, but not of us. It has not been their lot to receive the benefits of education, and their position in society forbids their realizing the manly and independent feelings of freemen. Their occupation is generally of a servile nature, and the great mass of them are within the reach of appliances which the spirit of the white race spurns and rejects. The memory of the coercion and corruption with which our opponents, with their intolerance and wealth, have often sought to assail the exercise of the elective franchise by poor, dependent, or unworthy white voters, is not yet so indistinct that we find it difficult to discover the reason of their labors to bestow the elective franchise upon a race less likely to resist their threats or their money. Aside, then, from the high ground of principle, on which we feel constrained to oppose the allowance to negroes of political rights and privileges, it would be a matter of wise precaution not to place this additional source of power within the reach of our unscrupulous opponents.

In the consideration of this subject it is well, at the threshold, to view it in its whole length and breadth, and to discuss the social regulations that it properly involves, as well as the political. Mere political rights or privileges are not essentially valuable, if those of a social nature are withheld. What consolation or enjoyment would any man find in the right to vote, if his soul was constantly chilled by the remembrance that the laws of nature, immutable and beyond human control, had surrounded him with impassable barriers, which did not allow honesty, virtue, or intelligence, to seek congenial sympathies and associations among the mass of the community? He could find none; and this truth is fully proven by the light esteem with which the right of suffrage is regarded by those negroes who now possess it. Yet we will hear people talk of "human rights," of our "colored brethren," of "liberty," of "the oppressed," as if such volubility would point the way to any action sufficient to overthrow natural laws, which ever have been, and the end of which no man can effect or divine. Of all who deal so profusely in phrases and professions—of all the advocates of negro suffrage, how many are there who could be induced so to conduct *themselves* as to extend to our "colored brethren" social equality? How many would associate in business connection with negroes of equal honesty and wealth? How many would meet, in intellectual communion, negroes of equal intelligence and learning? How many would introduce to the intimacy of their homes, firesides, and tables, negroes of equal virtue and cultivation? But precious few. Our neighbor of the *Tribune*, with all his expanding benevolence, would hardly be an exception. Elevate the negro to the highest standard of his nature—give him all the advantages we have specified, but which he can never attain, to any substantial extent, while he dwells in the midst of a superior race, and not even the hope or the certainty of political benefit could induce any considerable number of those who are now most profuse in their professions, to bring the negro within their social circles.

But, passing over the social part of the subject, what is the political position in which it is proposed to place the negro? Certainly it would be disgraceful mockery to extend to him the elective franchise without the political rights and privileges which naturally follow it. Those who desire that negroes shall vote, also claim, in order to be just and consistent, that they shall be eligible to all offices; and, while they thus want negroes to have all the privileges enjoyed by any portion of our citizens, also require that negroes shall bear their share of all the burdens of the political compact, take their equal chance to be drawn on juries, and perform their proportion of military and fire service. It would be indefensible cruelty towards the negro to give him the right to vote, but debar him from office; and it would be unjust toward our own race to endow him with political equality, without subjecting him to every obligation it involves. If we have negro voters we must also have negro officers, jurors, soldiers, and firemen.

The subject resolves itself into the question, not merely whether we shall give negroes the right of suffrage, but whether we shall endeavor to overcome the great laws of nature, which do not permit two distinct and uncongenial races of men, to mingle together in harmony in mutual self government. Holding the opinion that such a result is impossible, and undesirable if it were otherwise, we can see no useful object to be attained by trying to effect it; and we are confident that any attempt to do so, by allowing negro suffrage, would be attended with evils and disasters which would be deplored when too late. The past history of mankind has not demonstrated that it is possible for two different races of men to live together on terms of political equality, but is full of illustrations of a contrary character. Even in our own day we can mark the difference in the improvement of the Indians, between those who dwell in the midst of the white race, and those who reside in the Indian territory. The balance in favor of the comparative civilization of the two classes, is largely in favor of those whose homes are in Indian communities. So it is with the negroes. Held to be an inferior race, so long as their home is among white men, there will be a blight upon their progress; and if ever they attain to a high state of cultivation, it will be in negro communities. Philanthropy and sound policy combine to favor every movement which shall seek, instead of the vain object of breaking down the barriers of time and nature, to gather the negroes from our midst, and concentrate them in a land to be exclusively their own.

It, of course, does not accord with our notions of Democratic principles, to allow negroes the right of suffrage in case they own property of any kind. Our opposition to negro suffrage is a radical one, and is not to be met by the imposition of a property qualification, or anything of the kind. Negroes either ought to vote, or they ought not to vote; and in either case there should be no special privileges to a part of them. The provision of our State Constitution, which allows negroes to vote on a freehold qualification, is anomalous in its nature, unsound in principle, and should be stricken out.

—It is a common trick with the Conservatives, (or Progressives, as they call themselves,) to endeavor to excite prejudice against a radical Democrat whom they fear, by charging him with being an advocate for negro suffrage. The organ of this Conservative interest has repeated the same charge against the *News*, until it wore out the palpable falsehood by much repetition. We have always treated the charge with contempt, because, never having been bribed to publish the address of the negroes, with certain editorial remarks, and next day asserted that they were mis-printed so as to read materially different from what was intended, we were not vulnerable on the subject. It now devolves upon the Democracy of this city to elect delegates to the County Constitutional Convention, and we, therefore, call their attention to the subject, that they may be sure their delegates are of sound views; but they should be careful not to be duped by the Conservative trick of charging all whom that interest dislikes, with being in favor of negro suffrage. If you are in doubt as to any man's opinions, satisfy yourself by putting the question to him plumply. In this way the Conservatives will be effectually foiled.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

MONTGOMERY, Alabama, Feb. 15, 1846

I started from New-York on the 7th, at 4 3-4 P. M. stopped one night in Philadelphia, one day and two nights in Washington, and arrived in this place yesterday, at 4 3-4 P. M. having come 1,309 miles. All but 130 miles, from Atlanta, in Georgia, to Chehaw, in Alabama, was travelled by railroad and steamboat. Take it all in all, it is the most uninteresting country I have yet seen; and I have been mostly over the Canadas, and all the Northern and Western States and Territories. The cities and villages are generally handsome. But how different the mode of life in this section, and after we leave Washington, from what we see at the North. It really appears to me that the *poor* or *laboring* white people are the *slaves* of the South. If they have a shelter, it is at best a log hut, without a pane of glass, and lighted only by the open doors, or crevices left in building, or made by dilapidation. As we pass them, their doors stand open, with the rain and sleet beating in upon their beds, and what few stools and benches they may have for furniture. I inquire of my fellow-passengers why it is? "Oh, they have no one to take care of them, as the blacks have." It seems they choose to be upon their own hook, and are contented to get a few acres of land, and just live, without education or any comfort. Hence the appalling number in the South and Southwest, (as shown by the census,) that can neither read or write. How different the railroads in this part of the country, from those at the North. They are in *as good a condition*, considering the amount of travel, but at the North we scarcely find less than hundreds on any route, while here they count by tens only. Many of the passengers are negroes, with their masters, from Virginia and North Carolina, on their way to a market. A constant emigration of this kind of flesh is making. There are now near two hundred sitting on the benches around the market and court-house at this place, waiting for customers. I have been talking for two hours past with their masters, and have learned much I never knew before. They say that mostly those here were bought at sheriff's sales, which are continually taking place in Virginia and North Carolina. The slaves at first have great reluctance to leaving, and many tears are shed and sobs heard; but one day's absence reconciles them, and the remainder of the journey is passed merrily. I think it is true; for I witnessed the embarkation of many at Fredericksburg, Virginia, and other places, and it made me feel sad; but the second day every one seemed happy. They ask about $650 for field hands, and perhaps $850 for house servants about twenty years old. Children of ten years are worth $300 to $400. They bring them about seven hundred miles, and come about twenty miles a day,—the grown ones walking, while the small ones ride. Their "feed" is cooked after they stop for the night, and consists of corn bread, hommony, and meat. After they arrive at market, they are dressed up ready for sale. To look at them, you would guess them anything but *slaves* as *represented* by the Abolitionists, still the system were better done away with, on many accounts—at the same time, I may express a wish that all the negroes in New-York were as well off as the slaves this way. One can discover no such degradation here, as we see there every day amongst the colored people.

Cotton planters express much anxiety about the prospects ahead. The Oregon question troubles them tremendously. They think their staple is low enough now; and all such rumors tend to make sales less active.

Yours, H.

From the (Louisville, Ky.) Presbyterian Herald.

### ABOLITION IN THE ANCIENT CHURCH.

It is stated in Du Pin's Ecclesiastical History that some Abolitionists appeared in the ancient church. One Eustathius was their leader. Their case was brought before the Council of Gangra, which met about the year three hundred and seventy. They were charged, among other things, with "parting servants from their masters," and were condemned. The third canon of the council "is against those who teach their slaves to despise their masters, instead of treating them with respect." And this canon was placed in the code of canons of the universal Church. They also held other doctrines, not unlike the doctrines of some of our modern Abolitionists, as that wives were not bound to submit to their husbands, nor children to their parents: for which they were also condemned.

But these ancient Fathers composing the Council did not live in the light of the nineteenth century! In our day some ecclesiastical councils "teach slaves to despise their masters, instead of serving them with respect;" and condemn all who will not so teach them.

Cassius M. Clay has appeared on the stage in New-York city again, with his charlatanism in action and rhodomontade in speech. *Chaperoned* by Mr. Greeley, he held forth at the Tabernacle a long rigmarole, the main burden of which seems to be his own glorification, and from the argument of which any sensible man must dissent, and from the spirit of the declamation every humane man must recoil. This Parolles seems determined to keep his bladder of notoriety blown up before the gaze of men, and to figure as a pseudo-martyr amongst the sympathizing old ladies and awe-struck misses of the abolition faction, anyhow. He has got at last into the proper place; that "Limbo of all vagaries,"

" Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixed,"

the Tribune; and with the congenial themes of Fourierism, Grahamism, &c. let him be galvanized into a semblance of public interest. His contortions will be as brief as they are grotesque and ridiculous. His distinguished relative, Henry, knew him well. How emphatic that silent interview, before Cassius came North, in '44; not a word from the lips of old Polonius to the "babbler!" He wouldn't trust him with a confidential suggestion! He knew the emptiness of the barrel.—*Grand Rapids Enquirer.*

EXTRACTS FROM THE SPEECH OF Mr. WICK, of Indiana, on the Oregon Question, Jan. 30th, 1846:

"The committee had heard a great deal about acquisition and conquest—we were to take all this continent, quite to Cape Horn. Other gentlemen told us we should, from the Isthmus of Darien to the North pole. But Mr. W. wanted no mixed races. He wanted no colored people among our citizens, unless they were slaves. Should Mexico, after half a dozen more revolutions, endured for want of mind enough in the people to bear a free Government, become at last independent, and should come knocking for admission to our Confederacy, Mr. W. would be against it, unless her colored population were slaves, or vastly reduced in number, and deprived of the elective franchise. His constituents did not wish him to occupy a place in this hall contiguously to an honorable colored member from Mexico, or any other part of the world."

"We had a right to annex the whole creation. If we found any stray independency, after the British empire had crumbled into ruins, floating on the surface of God's world, and wishing to unite themselves with this free republic, provided its people were white, and seemed to understand the nature of rational wisdom and self-government, we might receive them into our bosom."

## Selections.

From the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter.

### THE WEST INDIES.

During the period that Lord Stanley was colonial Minister, but few papers relative to the West Indies were presented to Parliament. It was therefore impossible to form a correct judgment, from official documents, of the working of the free system which had been established; or to discover the true grounds on which the noble Lord acted in reference to the great questions of immigration and taxation, which have so much excited the minds and pressed upon the resources of the colonists.

In consequence of the indisposition manifested by Lord Stanley to lay the usual papers before Parliament, Mr. Hawes, during the last session, moved for sundry papers, and we are gratified in being able to report that a selection from the later despatches of the respective Governors of the colonies, and from the reports of the stipendiary magistrates, has been printed for the use of the House of Commons and of the public.

We must, however, express our regret that a larger amount of information has not been given, and that we are, consequently, unable to present a full view of the actual state of the colonies to our readers, from the returns before us.

In the present article we shall confine our attention to Jamaica, and reserve the other colonies for a future number.

#### JAMAICA.

The communications of Lord Elgin to the colonial office, are, with the exception of an extract from one of his speeches, delivered on the prorogation of the general assembly at the close of 1844, merely introductory to the reports of the stipendiary magistrates. Before, however, we call attention to these reports, we must give a short paragraph from the speech referred to, in which the noble Lord indicates the causes which had impeded its prosperity since the period of complete emancipation, and expresses his hopes for the future.

"For a series of years," says his lordship, "the difficulties attendant on a change in our social system have been aggravated by unfavorable seasons. The influx of capital into the colony has been checked, and the inhabitants have failed to reap the full benefit of the improvements lately introduced in the cultivation and manufacture of our staples;" and adds, "Present appearances warrant the expectation that the labors of the agriculturists are at length about to be rewarded with a more abundant return; and I earnestly hope, that while we unite in gratitude to Providence for the blessings vouchsafed to us, all classes of the community will cordially and harmoniously co-operate in turning them to account."

The reports of the stipendiary magistrates are not constructed upon the same principle. Each of these functionaries appears to be at liberty to give or to withhold such information as he may possess, or can obtain. Hence it follows, that whilst the communications of some are tolerably full, others are extremely meagre of details; and, therefore, we cannot draw a single perfectly satisfactory conclusion as to the actual state of Jamaica.

On a most important subject, the supply and price of labor, we make the following extracts:—*Parish of Port Royal*—"Wages have fallen of late, the negroes are disposed to take less than demanded some months ago. In picking coffee, when it first comes in, they get 1s. 6d. per bushel; as it ripens and becomes more abundant, they get 1s. per bushel; and when the heavy picking arrives, it is reduced to 9d. which is the lowest sum they are paid. When employed in day labor, they receive 1s.; hitherto it has been 1s. 6d. Masons' and carpenters' wages continue as before; they earn from 2s. to 2s. 6d. per day, and first-rate hands 3s. Sawyers are paid £9. 12s. per 1,000 feet for hard wood, and £7. 4s. for cedar. *Parish of St. James*—"Wages may be said to be somewhat lower than they were last year; but they vary, of course, in the different districts of the parish." *Parish of St. Elizabeth*—"Labor has been easily obtained, and at much cheaper rates than at any previous period since freedom; and there is every reason to expect that on the sugar estates average crops will be made at much lower rates than heretofore." *Parish of St. James*—"In a communication I have recently had from one of the most respectable and intelligent proprietors in this parish, he informs me that the rate of wages has been lowered since the 1st of August, and the supply of labor is sufficient. The general rate of wages may be stated as averaging a little more than 1s. per day, the former state of wages, as reported in other returns, being 1s. 4d. a day." *Parish of Manchester*—"There has been, generally, a reduction in the price of labor; for instance, the fruit is picked and brought from the field to the barbacues for 9d. per bushel, instead of 1s the price hitherto paid. There is a superabundance of labor. I mean by superabundance, more than enough to meet the means of the holders of plantations." *Parish of St. Ann*—"The people are industrious when they are fairly paid, and when their services are required, and when not engaged in the cultivation of their own fields. The rate of labor may be considered as established at 1s. per day, for effective hands; job and task-work, however, prevail on most estates; and where anything like a wise and judicious system is pursued in the management of the estates, things generally go on satisfactorily between all the parties concerned." From the other parishes in Jamaica we have no returns on this point; there is, however, a very satisfactory account given by the stipendiary magistrate of the *Parish of St. David*, as to the working of the "Métairie system," where it has been tried. It is as follows:

"The 'Métairie' system is likely to succeed on Windsor Castle estate; the manager, Mr. John M'Lean, states, 'this system is continuing in the most satisfactory and flourishing manner, the canes are in the highest state of cultivation, and although much retarded by the continued drought at the beginning of the year, still promise to yield an abundant crop. There are sixty-five acres of plants established, which will be fit to manufacture the first week in February next, and are estimated to produce one hundred hogsheads of sugar; the contractors are so satisfied with the result of their steady exertions, that they have engaged all the available cane land on the estate; they express their determination not to lose a single plant from the canes when cutting, and as they are already preparing the land, he expects they will have in one hundred and fifty acres for the crop after this. The manager further states, he is in correspondence with the proprietor on the subject of placing the coffee fields on the same system, and only waits his sanction to carry it into effect, as the people are quite eager to enter into the arrangement. These people deserve great praise for their steady and industrious habits.'"

In reference to the general conduct of the emancipated negroes the magistrates, with one exception, report that they are "conducting themselves with great propriety;" that "there is certainly a moral improvement in the laboring class," that in most districts crime is decreasing; and that the convictions are chiefly for petty offences.

The desire to possess freeholds is unabated. The negroes still continue "to purchase small pieces of land," and to reside on their little properties. It is believed, however, that "eventually these small freeholders will be conducive to the supply of labor." The internal commerce of the country is increasing.

During the late drought in Jamaica, labor was so superabundant, that in the *parish of Vere* able laborers employed in hoeing and cleaning canes could be had at three pence per day. During that period the poorer classes suffered much.

So much for the official report on this point. We add a few additional particulars from an independent source:

"The exports of the present year," (1845,) says Mr. George Smith, a practical planter in Jamaica, in his admirable pamphlet on "Capital or Immigration," "have been about 50,000 tons of sugar. It is indisputable, that there is in the country sufficient labor to grow and manufacture that quantity of sugar; or, according to the old calculation, that there has been labor enough to cultivate 50,000 acres of land, to manufacture 50,000 tons of sugar, and to maintain and keep up 600 manufactories and more" "*That* labor," he adds, "is available and is working," and might be made to produce "double the exports (say 100,000 tons) without any material novel improvements, but with the occasional adoption of means well known to produce the desired results." Under the present system of cultivation, Mr. Price asserts there is a great waste of human labor, a great want of economical management, and great need of capital. Laborers are now employed in doing the work of the plough and of cattle. "Is the plough," Mr. Price asks, "universally in use where the land will allow it? Certainly not; and why not? Because the proprietor cannot, or will not, purchase cattle, but is willing to give you as many immigrants as you please *at the public expense*. Who has not heard the manager of an estate say, that he could not plough because he had not cattle enough, but that he should open the land with the hoe? Is it a want of capital or of labor that prevents his opening his land much more efficiently with a plough with six hands and at twelve shillings per acre, at the most, or that permits of his employing thirty or forty days' labor, and spending sixty-four shillings per acre?" And what is true of this particular branch of agriculture, is not less so of other departments of labor; the hands and the heads of negroes are made to do the work of cattle, the consequence is inefficiency and great increase of expense in the production of sugar, both of which might be remedied by the horse-hoe, and the light plough, and such other mechanical contrivances as common sense cannot fail to suggest. But not only, to use the words of Mr. Price, is there "a profligate waste of labor" in Jamaica, but utter want of economy in management. After stating "the cattle of a sugar estate to be its great moving power," he observes, "they are generally ill-fed, seldom drafted to the pen-keeper at a proper age, and are frequently allowed to die in the yoke." From the want of common care and attention on the part of the overseers or managers, "we have," says Mr. Price, "seen them put to work on sugar estates, and perish one after the other! We have known the mills stopped, and the cane carts and their drivers lying idle, and the best season for making sugar steal rapidly away, for the want of cattle to carry them to the mill, and the sugar to the wharf, at the same time. We have seen meagre and inefficient cattle keep the sugar wagons and their drivers three days on the road, when one only was necessary. We have known supplies wanted on the estates, lying at the wharf; the steam engine stopped for want of coals; the buildings neglected from inability to carry materials to repair them; the still-house out of fuel; the boiling-house fires unaided by dry fuel when the trash was damp; the fences neglected; valuable manure lost and uncollected; and the usual decrease of the cattle doubled or trebled! Can any one believe that there is not here a vast waste of the labor demanded by estates, when these, or even a few of these things, occur? A waste of money, and a great unhinging of the whole estate, and a lavish waste of the labor employed about these cattle. As far as our observation goes," he adds, "we say that there are few estates where most of these evils do not exist; that the cattle are generally inefficient, from want of money to purchase them when wanted, and to feed them properly." What a picture have we here of Jamaica plantership and mismanagement! Well may Mr. Price say, "Proprietors and others in England can scarcely understand this, and will scarcely enter into the full truth of the assertion." And yet this witness is true. In further illustration of his views, Mr. Price asserts, that "five or six times more manual labor, and twenty-five times more animal labor than is necessary" is devoted to the conveyance of canes to the mills; that the mills are in so defective a state that there is a loss of from ten to fifteen per cent. of the produce in manufacture; that the boiling-houses are generally in the same state, "as they were in Slavery time;" that there is but one vacuum pan among 600 boiling-houses; that the trash is usually carried from the mill on negroes' heads, "*because* there is a great want of labor;" that the buildings are allowed to go out of repair for want of proper care; that the steam engines in the colony are "generally old and defective;" and that from want of "minor supplies," or "duplicates," "the whole estate will be at a stand still." Mr. Price cries out lustily for capital, and its prompt and judicious application.

On this point he says, "We have expressed an opinion, and we repeat it, that what immigration cannot effect, *capital* can, and *that* without the addition of a single laborer, a judicious expenditure of capital, and the observance of a common-sense system of agriculture, the exports would equal, in five years from the present time, the largest amount of produce ever exported from Jamaica in one year." Mr. Price is entitled to be heard on these points. He is a resident, and a successful planter in Jamaica. He has shown what can be done on his own estate; and no one has yet been found hardy enough to question his statements. The negroes have been blamed; Mr. Price shows unjustly blamed, and, broadly hints at some of the causes which have led them to seek refuge in their own freeholds from the tyranny and injustice of their masters. He thus states the case: "We do not say that the exaction of sometimes a doubled, trebled, nay quadrupled rent from a laborer, who did not conduct himself as we liked (we *know* this to have taken place); that the taking away the doors, windows, &c. of a house, and uprooting of his garden produce, (we vouch for this also); that the paying of the laborers for their services with extreme irregularity—that sometimes not paying them at all—and that the occasional settlement of a long deferred account by making the laborer 'take it out' in beef, salt fish, and clothing, would warrant the impropriety of the laborers leaving the estates to go to ruin; but we will admit that half the laboring population has ceased to work for the sugar estates, and that, therefore, the deficiency must be supplied; but we cannot admit that the public can be called on now to supply the place of those laborers with cheap foreign labor." Like a wise man, he recommends that now the power of the whip is gone, and the laborers cannot be coerced to work night and day, as in past times, the power of machinery should be tried—that the plough, the horse-hoe, the light tramroad, &c. should be used, and that it requires no prophet to predict the greatness of its success.

But as it is a common practice for certain planters of the old school to throw all the blame of short crops on the negroes, and to represent them as rapacious in their demands for wages, and indolent in their habits, it is with sincere pleasure we quote a passage from the speech of Mr. Smith, a native of Jamaica, and the originator of the railroad which has been recently opened in that colony, in their defence. In the presence of the Governor, the Speaker of the House of Assembly, the Vice-Chancellor, and a large body of the members of the Legislature, and planters, he said:—"Look at our workshops, filled with tools such as were never seen in Jamaica. Look at the crowds of native youths brought to us to be indented apprentices, and whom a few years will produce to you as skilled engineering artisans; and, above all, let me call to your particular notice the triumphant refutation which these works furnish to the assertion that the enfranchised negro will not work for wages. Gentlemen, this is a subject on which I could be eloquent. We never have known what it is to want willing and continuous labor. We have had constantly at work five hundred people, not confined to any particular class, (cheers,) but we have had mechanics, and even small freeholders from St. Dorothy, working side by side with men who were before the constant inhabitants of the workhouse. (Loud cheers.) I have put tools into their hands, and they have learnt in a few days to use them with the ablest. These 500 freemen have done the work of 1,500 slaves! (Loud cheering.) These are the means we would use to increase the labor of the country; this is our doctrine of economical immigration." Mr. Smith perfectly agrees with Mr. Price, that capital and machinery are the only things wanting to make Jamaica prosperous. Another gentleman connected with the works, on the same occasion, in terminating his speech, said "he could not conclude without bearing testimony what 'noble fellows' the negroes were. Yes, treat them fairly, honorably, equitably, and no body of men can be found more reasonable, orderly, and industrious than they."

From the Herald of Progress.

### ANTI-SLAVERY.

The following letters will show the progress of Freedom at the South.

They are from the interior of one of the most Southern States—names and places must be omitted, for obvious reasons.

The writer is a plain farmer, but truth is always eloquent—'twould spoil it to alter it—a series of the most interesting kind have been received from him for nearly a year.

In one of them he says, "I am a slaveholder, and will say what I please about freeing the slaves."

This is an extract from one, dated February 1st, 1846:

*Dear Brother Wattles:*—We are to have a debate on the slave question on Thursday night, or Tuesday night week, a great many talk of coming, how we'll come out I don't know. Mr. —— is as smart as any man. I reckon we poor clod-hoppers will make poorly out—but you know one hog can understand another—I confess I am astonished to hear so many declare themselves in favor of a general emancipation!

Though I do not believe anything will do *but a split in the Union.*

If the North divide from the South we'll succeed, which they so much fear.

Tell D——, F—— is an Abolitionist, and speaks in debate pretty well on the question. I wish you to send me the "Colored Citizen" awhile, and any paper you find a good piece in, first one and then another, and I'll send the money when I sell my cotton, and so by that means I'll get better pieces than if I was to take any particular paper steadily. I can hardly get time to read one till I lend it to somebody. Several say they'll take them when they get money. I'll see what they do and let you know.

Your friend,
R. B. T.

P. S. H—— told me he could get one hundred abolition votes in L—— county for an abolition President. His health is improving—says give his love to you and all the friends. You Ohio folks, sent one Senator to Washington city, that the Southern slaveholders say is a "*Jack-ass*" for he promised the people of Ohio, through grace, to carry out their wishes, but it was a lie; for he carries out the principles of the South. They say a man ought to stand up to his State, and to the people who elected him. I assure you he's not gained anything in the South—while the other Senator they say, is firm like a man, and is not afraid to own in the city of Washington what his principles are; but the other rode to Washington on the backs of Abolitionists, and when he got there wanted to deny it. That's why the South hates him so!

See slaveholders reading and laughing at his speech!

*Southern Tyrants!* But I'll hold. If I had time I'd give you more.

—

In another, of February 12, he writes:—

I received your letter a few days since, which pleased me to hear you had got D——'s* money for her; but gave me great trouble to hear she was sick. Hope and trust in Almighty God to restore her to health. Tell her to put all dependence in God, for he is able to restore her to soundness, and not to be troubled about her children, nor anything else; for so long as it is the will of God to bless me to live, I'll take care of her and them the best I can. I enclose ten dollars more, and send to you for D——, and if she needs more write to me to that effect.

I got one number of C. M. Clay's paper, and also his "Appeal," which you sent. I loaned them out forthwith, and they are read with great eagerness.

I was mighty glad, and thanks to you for your attention to my people, and God will bless that kindness. I was glad to hear the children get along so well in school.

On Saturday, the 7th, at seven o'clock, our Polemic Society met, and by a rising vote of twenty of my neighbors I was called to the Chair, Mr. T——, Secretary. The question was then proposed, "Is IT RIGHT TO HOLD THE COLORED PEOPLE AS SLAVES?" We hardly could find enough on the side of Slavery to get up a discussion; but after considerable debate who should speak on the side of freedom, (for nearly all wanted to,) the house came to order, and I do assure you, I never heard men plead so hard for freeing the slaves before, in the South; I assure you they do well for Southern farmers—they spoke with so much firmness, and from the heart. Almost every one declared openly and without fear, he was in favor of freeing the negroes. We are to meet every Saturday night. I don't know how we'll come out, but I will still let you know. We are to have another at the school-house on Thursday night. These are the first abolition speeches I ever heard of being made in M——. I hope and trust the Lord will help us and protect his cause. I could say more, but have not time now.

Thy brother,
R. B. T.

* The mother of a family, whom he emancipated last spring, who lives in this city, and whose children are now attending Brother Gilmore's school.

He has several more with him. But he designs to emancipate them as soon as he can sell his plantation.

He writes in a recent letter, "I have still hope of selling my place. I will leave this State. I think I could enjoy myself better in the North."

From the New-York Tribune.

### SUFFRAGE AND THE MORNING NEWS.

We took occasion to say on Monday that the leading and conspicuous declaimers against black suffrage in our city, "in the Rhode Island troubles, took the broad ground that manhood was a sufficient and indefeasible qualification to exercise the Right of Suffrage, whether in accordance with or in defiance of the existing Constitution, &c. &c. asserting the right of the disfranchised to enfranchise themselves by whatever means they should think proper."

To this the Morning News replies:

"We positively deny the truth of this statement. Will the *Tribune* produce proof, retract, or stand a confessed slanderer—which?"

Courteous Sir! we choose to "produce proof." Here is some of it:

In the *Democratic Review*, Vol. xi. p. 72, &c. is an article on "The Rhode Island Question,"—we presume the editor of the *Morning News* will not deny its authorship—maintaining the proposition embodied in an affirmative answer to this question:

"After a Constitution is once adopted, by which an electoral body is established smaller than the *whole people*, does there still remain a *legal* right to change that Constitution, in a manner not provided by the Constitution itself, and without the consent of the electoral body?"

To this query of its own the Democratic Review answers:

"This depends entirely on another question, whether the rights which belonged to the whole people, when they entered into the social compact, or when at the Revolution they formed a new Government, were transferrable or defeasible. That at the formation of the social compact *all men* [not all *white* men] were equal, and entered into it as such, we have clearly shown; That at the Revolution they acted as equals again, is equally clear. Have they surrendered or lost that equality—that equal right to participate in the Government—"that equal right that every man hath to his freedom, without being subjected to the will or authority of any other man?"—*The answer to this is contained in the Declaration of Independence, and firmly imbedded in our fundamental laws, as if our glorious ancestors had some presentiment that there might come some inglorious day when this great right of rights should be questioned*

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: That *all men* [not all *white* men] are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain UNALIENABLE rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness: That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED," &c. &c.

The writer, in another place states that, as a consequence of our Declaration of Independence:

"The *whole population* was remitted to their original rights—* * * to their rights as men—to their natural equality. *Every person*, of a competent age and judgment, had as much right as any other to participate in the new Government. No man, or number of men, had any right to exclude any other man from his equal share in its foundation."

Is not this plain and pertinent? Mr. O'Sullivan proceeds to argue that any restriction or limitation of the right of suffrage was valid only as an act of the whole people—a delegation of power to some to subserve the interest or convenience of all. He insists that this delegated power may "be resumed at any time by the whole people, without the consent of the parties to whom the power may have been delegated"—that is, the legal voters and the Government constituted by them. He says:

"Whether they [the whole people] have in any of their constitutions restricted the right of suffrage or not, the right to open or change it at any time is indisputable. If all persons entered into the social compact equal in rights, and if their rights could not be transferred or forfeited, *they have them still*, and *their exercise of them depends on their own will and pleasure.*

"The people, we repeat, are *all those who were capable of entering the social compact*," &c. &c.

Mr. O'Sullivan proceeds to show the grounds on which minors, women, non-residents, slaves, (where Slavery exists,) idiots, and insane persons, are made exceptions to this rule, but never once intimates that blacks, or any other class, are to be excluded, whether on account of intellectual weakness, social depression, or for any cause whatever. He sums up as follows:

"We believe now that we have gone over the whole ground, and that we are safe in asserting it to be the law of all the American States, wherever Slavery does not exist, that *the sovereignty resides in the whole body of adult male permanent residents of sound mind.* If this be a just conclusion, then *the right of a majority of this body to change the Government at pleasure, whatever may be the wishes of the electors, is beyond dispute.*"

Have we quoted enough? Or shall we go on interminably? If the main drift and purpose of the article from which we quote, as of many others in the same work from the editor's pen, be not to establish precisely that right of the disfranchised to enfranchise themselves which we asserted, in our former article, then is our apprehension gross and misty indeed. We care not whether the author take back his charge of "slander" or attempt by some quibble to reconcile his Dorrism with his hostility to universal suffrage now—the case is clearly so plain that no amount of artful dodging will avail him.

—Passing, in silent *contempt*, his imputation of the basest motives to us in our advocacy of the rights of the wronged and trampled African race, we proceed to answer fully his questions to us "on the negro question," viz:

"1. You enumerate, among your 'Reforms to be struggled for,' no exclusion of citizens from political rights, 'on account of birth, property, creed, or color.' What exclusion does any citizen now suffer by reason of either birth, or creed, or, except negroes, of property?

"2. Another reform is to be 'the abolition of every remaining vestige of feudalism and Slavery.' What vestive of Slavery now remains in this State?

"3. Are you in favor of negro jurors, officers, and firemen, as well as of negro voters?"

To these queries we reply:

1. We have already answered this to the News hardly five days ago. The exaction from one class of our citizens of a property qualification, establishes an unjust and odious principle, as thoroughly as though that exaction were more general. The exclusion of clergymen from office is a virtual disfranchisement on account of religion, and ought to be abolished at once. We are opposed to exacting any qualification for office except a majority of the legal votes.

2. All the exclusions and distinctions in our present Constitution, laws, and usages, founded on, or relating to color, are vestiges of Slavery, and ought to be rooted out.

3. We see no reason, whatever, why negroes should be debarred from forming fire companies, and aiding to put out fires, as well as other men. We are not degraded by the fact that negroes may become editors; how can any be by allowing them to become firemen? As to officers, we are in favor of letting the legal voters choose such as they think fit in every case;" though, as we very rarely hear of poor men who live by their daily toil getting office, we apprehend the chances of colored men in any case are slender indeed. We do not see why a general rule of obvious justice should be subverted in this case. So as to jurors. If there be such an antipathy between whites and blacks as is pretended, let juries of the latter be summoned only in cases where blacks are defendants. We believe white men who are dragged upon jury after jury, will very cheerfully concede such cases to juries of the defendant's color.

There, Sir! Do you find us shrinking from the application of our principles? Read your Rhode Island articles, and be faithful to yours!

### MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT.

The following message was sent to the Senate on Tuesday of last week:

*To the Senate of the United States:*

In answer to the inquiry of the Senate, contained in their resolution of the 17th instant, whether, in my "judgment, any circumstances connected with, or growing out of, the foreign relations of this country, require at this time an increase of our naval or military force;" and, if so, "what those circumstances are," I have to express the opinion, that a wise precaution demands such increase.

In my annual message of the 2d of December last, I recommended to the favorable consideration of Congress an increase of our naval force, especially of our steam navy, and the raising of an adequate military force to guard and protect such of our citizens as might think proper to emigrate to Oregon. Since that period, I have seen no cause to recall or modify these recommendations. On the contrary, reasons exist which, in my judgment, render it proper not only that they should be promptly carried into effect, but that additional provision should be made for the public defence.

The consideration of such additional provision was brought before appropriate committees of the two houses of Congress, in answer to a call made by them, in reports prepared, with my sanction, by the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, on the 29th of December and the 8th of January last; a mode of communication with Congress not unusual, and, under existing circumstances, believed to be most eligible. Subsequent events have confirmed me in the opinion that these recommendations were proper as precautionary measures.

It was a wise maxim of the Father of his Country, that "to be prepared for war, is one of the most efficient means of preserving peace;" and that, "avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace," we should "remember, also, that timely disbursements to prepare for danger, frequently prevent much greater disbusements to repel it." The general obligation to perform this duty is greatly strengthened by facts known to the whole world. A controversy respecting the Oregon territory now exists between the United States and Great Britain; and while, as far as we know, the relations of the latter with all European nations are of the most pacific character, she is making unusual and extraordinary armaments and warlike preparations, naval and military, both at home and in her North American possessions.

It cannot be disguised that, however sincere may be the desire of peace, in the event of a rupture these armaments and preparations would be used against our country. Whatever may have been the original purpose of these preparations, the fact is undoubted that they are now proceeding, in part, at least, with a view to the contingent possibility of a war with the United States. The general policy of making additional warlike preparations was distinctly announced, in the speech from the throne, as late as January last, and has since been reiterated by the ministers of the crown in both houses of Parliament. Under this aspect of our relations with Great Bri-

tain, I cannot doubt the propriety of increasing our means of defence, both by land and sea. This can give Great Britain no cause of offence, nor increase the danger of a rupture. If, on the contrary, we should fold our arms in security, and at last be suddenly involved in hostilities for the maintenance of our just rights, without any adequate preparation, our responsibility to the country would be of the gravest character. Should collision between the two countries be avoided, as I sincerely trust it may be, the additional charge upon the treasury, in making the necessary preparations, will not be lost; while, in the event of such a collision, they would be indispensable for the maintenance of our national rights and national honor.

I have seen no reason to change or modify the recommendations of my annual message in regard to the Oregon question. The notice to abrogate the treaty of the 6th of August, 1827, is authorized by the treaty itself, and cannot be regarded as a warlike measure; and I cannot withhold my strong conviction, that it should be promptly given. The other recommendations are in conformity with the existing treaty, and would afford to American citizens in Oregon no more than the same measure of protection which has long since been extended to British subjects in that territory.

The state of our relations with Mexico is still in an unsettled condition. Since the meeting of Congress another revolution has taken place in that country, by which the Government has passed into the hands of new rulers. This event has procrastinated, and may possibly defeat, the settlement of the differences between the United States and that country. The Minister of the United States to Mexico, at the date of the last advices, had not been received by the existing authorities. Demonstrations of a character hostile to the United States continue to be made in Mexico, which has rendered it proper, in my judgment, to keep nearly two-thirds of our army on our southwestern frontier. In doing this, many of the regular military posts have been reduced to a small force, inadequate to their defence should an emergency arise.

In view of these "circumstances," it is my "judgment" that "an increase of our naval and military force is at this time required," to place the country in a suitable state of defence. At the same time, it is my settled purpose to pursue such a course of policy as may be best calculated to preserve, both with Great Britain and Mexico, an honorable peace; which nothing will so effectually promote as unanimity in our councils, and a firm maintenance of all our just rights.

JAMES K. POLK.

WASHINGTON, March 24, 1846.

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From the Richmond Compiler.

**AN OLD VIRGINIA SERVANT.**

Died, at Cumberland Church, Cumberland county, Virginia, on the 6th instant, SYFAX BROWN, aged *one hundred and fifteen years, four months and five days.* He was born at Westover, the residence of Colonel Wm. Byrd, October 1st, 1730, and sold when a small boy, by Col. Byrd to John Randolph, Esq., of Matoax, the father of the Hon. John Randolph, of Roanoke. Mr. Randolph visited Europe before the Revolutionary war, and Syfax, accompanied his master and discharged the duties of a servant ably and faithfully. After Mr. Randolph's return to the United States, Syfax served with fidelity Judge George Tucker, of Williamsburgh, a gentleman who acted a very conspicuous part throughout the whole revolutionary struggle. He then fell into the hands of Richard Randolph, Esq. of Bizarre, and was manumitted by him in 1795.

Syfax was patriotic, honest, polite, polished, and intelligent, one who had seen much of the world, and when his countenance was lit up by a social glass would descant fluently on the French war in Canada, and of scenes he had beheld at Crown Point and Ticonderoga. He also entertained the hearer with a spicy synopsis of men and things in the West Indies and Europe—was known to some of the Lords of England, nobility of France, and many of the most distinguished officers of the American army.

Syfax rode postillion, and guided the first pair of a set of six horses in Mr. Randolph's coach; while in the discharge of his office an English nobleman asked him the names of his fine horses; he very promptly gave the names of the two lead horses and *boggled*; at this moment, Mr. Randolph scowling on Syfax, said in a passion, "tell his lordship the names of my horses are Firebrand and Hailstone, Dentatus and Dare Devil, Cream O'Tartar and Quicksilver." He trembled under the sound of his master's voice, and knew his fate;—after returning he was flagellated by the butler, for not recollecting the names of his coach horses; his memory then became very retentive on the subject of names.

Syfax attended his young masters, Theodoric and John Randolph, when students at college, and could rehearse some of the finest passages in Shakspeare and Addison; two acts of Cato's tragedy he committed to memory, and would rise in the morning and exclaim, "The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers," and so on.

The writer of this has known Syfax Brown for half a century, and most that is said in this obituary notice came directly from him, and is given to the public for what it is worth. He was a man of some fine traits of character; yet like many others, had his faults—was too fond of alcohol—drank his glass and loved his lass—and they were probably his besetting sins. Fifty years ago, Syfax was a good looking man, sprightly and active, having a cheerful countenance, and a fine retreating forehead. His person was rather short than tall, rather fat than thin, muscular and round, with a full, prominent chest, which gave him the fairest claim to longevity. He lived until the grasshopper was a burden; his limbs grew stiff, the arteries ossified, the senses decayed, and the system was oppressed with a load it could not bear.

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From the New-York Herald.

**UNITED STATES COMMISSIONERS' OFFICE.**

[Before Commissioner Metcalf.]

*The Schooner Patuxent and the Slave-Trade.*—It will be recollected that the Patuxent, with her crew, was lately brought home from the coast of Africa, by Lieut. Chandler, of the United States Navy, on a charge of being fitted out as a slaver, and intending to be concerned in that trade. Nathaniel Davis, the master of the Patuxent, and Thomas L. Shaw, his mate, were, on their arrival, arrested and held to bail. Preliminary proceedings were commenced to-day before Commissioner Metcalf, for him to decide whether the case should be sent to the Grand Jury or not.

Lieut. Davis examined. Is Lieutenant of the Yorktown, 8ell, Commander. The Patuxent was first boarded on the 25th of October, at Cape Mount, and a partial examination made. She was again boarded on the 26th, and on the 27th she was taken possession of; Lieut. Steel was the officer who was first put in charge of her; witness sent, in the evening of the same day, to relieve him. She was afterwards taken to Monrovia. Q Who was the master of her when she was taken? A. Davis; there were two examinations of her; the first was a partial examination; at the second examination we examined her contents. Q. What size was she? A. From 90 to 100 tons. Q. What number of persons did you find on board? A. Five, the master and mate, and three seamen, named Samuel Morrel, John Smith, and Daniel alias James Clark. Q. How many persons, under ordinary circumstances, would it take to manage a vessel of her size? A. About the number we found on board. We found a large quantity of beef, pork, and bread on board, more than was sufficient for the consumption of the vessel; there was quite enough of provisions to supply fifteen men for thirty-five days. Q. What number of persons could be taken on board that vessel on a voyage from the coast of Africa to the Island of Cuba? A. I should think 250 could be carried conveniently, as the Slave-Trade is carried on; twenty-five days would be a long passage between the two places. Q. What, according to the information you have received, would be the number of persons required to take charge of 250 slaves, in addition to the number already on board? A. I have no actual knowledge on that subject, but I think eight or ten, in addition, would be quite sufficient to manage the vessel, and conduct her from the coast of Africa to the Island of Cuba; in addition to the beef and pork, &c. we also found on board a large quantity of rice, 71 sacks; thinks the average weight was about 100 pounds each, or over; besides those 71 sacks we found eight barrels and one tierce of rice. Q. From the information you have received, what is the allowance for each slave per day? A. About one pound per day; 250 slaves would be sustained thirty days on the quantity of rice on board; from the information I have received it is rice and water that is given to slaves; we also found on board casks to hold fifteen hundred gallons of water, which would sustain a crew of fifteen men, and a cargo of 200 slaves, at a gallon of water for thirty days to each of the crew, and at the rate of a pint per day for each of the slaves; the casks could be very easily filled on the coast, from the incessant rains that fall there almost every day. Q. From the information you have received of the manner in which the Slave-Trade is carried on, is it necessary to have a slave-deck? A. I do not know that it is essential. Q. Did you find anything else on board besides the beef, &c.? A. We found materials for a deck; we found fifty pieces of deck plank, of various lengths, from four to forty feet. Q. I wish you to state for what purpose that plank could be used? A. It could be used in a very short time for a deck. Q. Could this operation be performed without hatchet or saw. A. Yes, without the slightest difficulty. Q. Have you any doubt? A. Not the least; there were temporary stanchions that could be removed in a very short time. Q. Would the circumstances of those stanchions being temporary, afford facility for laying a slave-deck, and would not this deck be exceedingly useful in the transportation of a cargo of slaves? A. I should judge so. Q. Did you find any other cargo except what you have already described? A. Yes, Sir. We found some pine plank stowed under the deck plank. Q. Did you find any other cargo on board? A. Nothing of material importance; there were six or seven tons of stone ballast; we also found some pieces of chain cables, and two pair of chain slings, and a number of bolts of various sizes, and some spare spars. The ship's papers were then put in and proved, amongst which was the log-book of the brig Atalanta. The precise object of the production of those papers we did not understand, except that the log-book of the Atalanta was produced to show that she was sold to a man named Theodore Carnot, a notorious slave-dealer at Cape Mount, and that shortly after the sale of her, she was sent by Carnot with a cargo of slaves to Cuba, and that Davis was the mate of the vessel before she was sold to Carnot; and also to lay a foundation for the examination of the witness in relation to Carnot's character and mode of life. The witness underwent a long cross examination by the prisoner's counsel.

Another witness, named John Smith, one of the crew, was examined, but his testimony is not material. The further examination was postponed to Thursday next.

This case was again taken up yesterday, and the examination of Lieutenant Chandler resumed by the United States' District Attorney.

Q In regard to the condition of the Patuxent, when she was captured, I wish you to state whether she was in a condition to be employed in the Slave-Trade, from the coast of Africa to the port of New-York, or to any other place?

A Her condition, in my judgment, was very unseaworthy. She might have answered very well, in mild weather, to have made a voyage from the coast of Africa to the island of Cuba.

Q At that season of the year—I mean the 27th of September and the month of October—what kind of weather would you be likely to meet, during a voyage from the coast of Africa to Cuba?

A I have never made the voyage from the coast of Africa to Cuba myself; but, after clearing the Cashwell, they would be likely to find trade winds, and the voyage would be short; and, after running out the trade winds, and coming near the West Indies, they would get south winds.

Q What was the condition of the sails of the Patuxent?

A Those sails which would be the most useful, were in good condition—that is, her foresail, topsail, square sails, and two jibs were in good order at that time; but neither of her main sails were worth anything.

Q Is there not usually, in the month of October, fair weather, so that the voyage might be made from the coast of Africa to Cuba without any great risk?

A Yes, Sir, the voyage is made generally in twenty-five days.

Q Now, Sir, was the vessel at the time in a condition to carry on trade between the port of New-York, or any port in the United States.

A She was not, in my judgment. At that season we had a very long passage from the coast of Africa up to the time the leak sprung, and, with the exception of an occasional gale, we had usually light winds, which will account for the long passage up to that time.

Q How many sailing days were you from the coast of Africa to New-York?

A We were forty days up to the night the leak was sprung, and we were then about four or five days' sail from New-York, and in five days after we got into Bermuda.

Q Did you find any charts on board the Patuxent?

A I found two charts—one a chart of the Atlantic ocean, and the other a chart, on a very large scale, embracing all the coast of Africa.

Q Were there any flags and pennants found on board her?

A There were two pennants, or what is called burgees; the latter have two flies, something like the broad pennant, but without stars; it may be called a swallow-tailed pennant. The other was nearly similar, but of a different color and material. I never saw anything similar with an honest trader.

DAVIS' COUNSEL.—Do you mean to say they were signals?

U. S. DISTRICT ATTORNEY.—I do mean to say they were to be used as signals.

WITNESS.—I believe there is a kind of private signal in the merchant service.

QUES.—Have you ever found such as these before?

ANS.—I have not. It may be possible, however, that there are such signals in the merchants' service.

Q Where were they found?

A They were found in the cabin.

Q Please state what part.

A They were found in one of the sleeping berths, on the top. They were usually kept out of sight

Q Is it usual to keep the flags of a ship in the cabin?

A It is not; but I suppose they may be kept in any place that is dry; when we broke open the berths, out of one of those berths came those flags. I can give no better description of where they were, than what I have given.

Q Please to inform us, could they be seen except by overhauling the berth?

A I believe not; they were stowed out of sight.

Q When did you discover them?

A On the 27th of September, when the cabin was overhauled.

Q In whose berth were they found?

A I think in the mate's berth, but I am not positive; and they remained in his possession all the time afterwards.

Q At the time when the vessel was seized, how many berths were there in the cabin that were occupied?

A There were two, and in one of them those flags were found.

Q In what part of the vessel are flags or signals for commercial purposes usually kept?

A I do not know.

Q Did you find fire-arms of any kind there?

A We found two muskets and two pistols; they were old and seemed to have seen a good deal of service, and one of them in particular, I mean one of the pistols, had a piratical look. We thought the finding of the two burgees was rather a singular circumstance.

*Cross-examined by Davis' Counsel.*—Q—Lieutenant Chandler, had you ever been on the coast of Africa before the last cruise?

A No, Sir.

Q How long had you been on the coast before the day on which this vessel was boarded?

A I had been there from the middle of February or 1st of March preceding.

Q During the period intervening from the 1st of March and the time the vessel was seized, had you been anywhere else?

A In the intervening period we cruised down as far as the Equator; we are not confined to any particular place; we were as far as Cape de Verd, Maderia, and the Canary Islands.

Q Were you cruising there for the purpose of preventing the African Slave-Trade?

A Yes, Sir.

Q Had you, before you seized the Patuxent, captured any vessel engaged in that trade?

A Yes, Sir; there was one vessel captured about two months before by one of our squadron, (the brig Truxton.)

Q Then the first capture in which you were concerned or had any personal agency, was the Patuxent?

A Yes, Sir.

Q How often were you on shore, or at any port on the coast of Africa?

A I was on shore at Liberia, Monrovia, and at Cape Palmas.

Q Were you ever on shore at Cape Mount?

A No, Sir.

COUNSEL.—Were those places which you have been at slave depots?

A No, Sir; but contiguous to those places slaves are frequently captured and sold, and there are slave stations near them.

COMMISSIONER.—Were you ever on shore at any slave station on the coast of Africa.

A No, Sir.

Q Have you any other knowledge of what slave depots are, except what you derived from information?

A No, inasmuch as I have never visited those places, I can have no other knowledge.

Q Have you any knowledge in regard to the adaptation of a vessel for the Slave-Trade, except such as you have derived from information?

A I have not, except what knowledge I have derived from my own profession.

Q When the Patuxent was boarded at Monrovia, did you go on board?

A I did not.

Q How long were the officers in charge on board of her?

A A very short time; they went on board of her in pursuance of the general regulations; their attention was not called particularly to her; she was under sail at the time she was boarded, and seemed to be in a hurry to get off, and stood for Cape Mount.

Q How long after you were on board of her when she started for Cape Mount?

A To the best of my recollection we were out of sight, but no long.

Q Did your ship start in pursuit of her?

A Yes, Sir.

Q How far was she from your vessel at the time she was boarded?

A Several cables' length, but within range of us.

Q How far was she distant from you at Monrovia when your officer left her?

A I cannot tell; I do not recollect the distance; I was engaged below at the time.

Q. You took possession of her on the 27th, about one o'clock. What examination did you make of her that day?

A. I looked into her hold and under deck, in presence of Lieut. Steel, and the master and mate; and through the overhauling of her, I found sufficient to convince me she was engaged in an unlawful trade.

Q. When did you break her out.

A. On the 3d of October; on that day I made the examination of her.

Q. Was it on that day you broke out the berth in which you found the flags?

A. No; the cabin was broke out the first day.

Q. How much provision did you find?

A. About five barrels of beef, weighing 200 pounds each, two barrels of pork, seven barrels of bread, and about four barrels of salt fish, and some cabin stores.

Q. When you speak of the number of persons, that would be sufficient to conduct a vessel, with or without slaves, what was your means of information, and from what information did you speak?

A. From the experience I gained by twenty years' professional service.

Q. When you spoke of the allowance of a pint of water and a pound of rice a day, did you mean a pint of water to be drunk, or to be boiled with the rice?

A. I meant the pint of water was to be drunk, and it is their only allowance. I take for granted they boil the rice with salt water.

Q. Have you ever seen what you call a slave deck?

A. I do not know that I have, but I have seen decks of various kinds, all of which could be used for slave purposes; but they may be made to sit upon anything; they may put them on the water casks, but it is usual for slavers to have a slave deck for room and greater convenience.

Q. Could all the material you found on deck be laid without sawing?

A. I am of opinion that it could.

Q. In regard to the materials you found in the hold of the vessel, consisting of old iron, is it not usual for all merchant vessels to have the like in their holds?

A. I cannot answer the question.

Q. You spoke of the man Carnot as a notorious slave dealer at Cape Mount. Do you know that King Louis Philippe sent him the grand cross of the Legion of Honor and a sword, for his efforts in the Slave-Trade?

A. I do not. But whether he did or not it would not change my opinion of Carnot. The remainder of his examination was a repetition of the facts elicited on his direct examination, and is of no importance.

The case is adjourned to Monday.

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From the Baltimore Visiter.

**WITHDRAWAL OF THE TORREY PETITIONS.**

A Philadelphia correspondent has sent us a proof-slip of the "American Citizen," containing the following address to the Governor of this State. It will be perceived that the friends of Mr. Torrey, whose signatures it bears, and who were fully authorized to negotiate for his release on the conditions named, have withdrawn their offer of compensation to Messrs. Heckrotte and Taylor, for their slaves. The chief reason alledged for this step, which no doubt will take the parties concerned wholly by surprise, is the expected death of Mr. Torrey, who is still very low. We infer from a conversation recently had with the attending physician of the Penitentiary, Professor Gibson, that the probability is that the attack of pulmonary consumption, under which Mr. Torrey now suffers, will carry him to the grave ere summer arrives. If full force is allowed to one of the facts given in his story of "The Dead Heart" viz: that his father died of the same disease—the reader will not wonder at such a *finale*. But to the document in hand. It will tell its own story, as we prefer it should do:

*To His Excellency Thomas G. Pratt, Governor of the State of Maryland:*

SIR:—The undersigned, as the parties to whom the friends of the Rev. C. T. Torrey have entrusted the recent efforts for his release from the Maryland Penitentiary, beg leave to submit to your Excellency, the following statement and request.

After Mr. Torrey's conviction, and before going to the Penitentiary, he made the first of the undersigned, in the event of his dying in prison, one of his executors, wishing him particularly to take charge of his manuscripts and papers, and make them available, as far as possible, in the support of his family. In virtue of this relation on the part of one of us, as well as personal friendship of both to Mr. Torrey, we have ever felt a deep interest in the issue of his incarceration, and been correspondingly anxious to do all that we honorably could to effect his release; or, in the failure of that, and in the event of his death, to provide for his bereaved wife and children. Accordingly, on the 22d of August, 1842, when we supposed that all efforts for his release by other persons was at an end, one of us wrote to the gentleman in Baltimore, who was subsequently employed as counsel on his behalf, as follows:

NEW-YORK, August 22d, 1845.

DEAR SIR:—I learn this morning that Mr. M——, of your, city has been here, and states that Mr. Torrey can be released when his friends will raise from seven hundred to twelve hundred dollars for the purpose. Allow me to make a few inquiries respecting the case.

1. Can Mr. Torrey be released at all, on any terms, without exacting any dishonorable concession?

2. What concessions, if any, would be demanded of him?

3. What is the lowest sum of money that will effect his release?

4. Will that sum release him from the Virginia case at the same time?

5. Can he be released and delivered in Philadelphia for that sum, provided the sum be deposited, or a responsible name authorize you to draw for the amount, when he is so delivered?

6. Can I, or any friend, have the liberty of free correspondence with him in respect to his release, now, and while the negotiation is going on?

Mr. Torrey is a warm personal friend of mine. If I can do anything for his release I shall be most happy to do so. I have no doubt a reasonable sum may be raised to ransom him—provided it were clearly understood that no dishonorable concessions will be demanded of him. I have no doubt I could raise the requisite sum in a short time.

Please write to me immediately. Please remember me affectionately to Mr. Torrey, and assure him that he is remembered by his old friends.

Yours, truly,

A. A. PHELPS.

We submit the above letter to your Excellency, *entire*, that you may see how our effort on Mr. Torrey's behalf originated, what was to be its precise nature, and what the conditions on which alone we proposed to undertake it. We have never prosecuted it on any other.

On the 25th of August, the gentleman addressed, replied, going at some length into the details of the case, and stating that he had sought and obtained an interview with Mr. Heckrotte's counsel, which was favorable, and believed the effort could be prosecuted in the manner named, with a reasonable prospect of success, and for a sum, not far either way from two thousand dollars. The result was a continued correspondence ending in a determination to attempt Mr. Torrey's release, and an effort to raise the requisite funds. A statement was prepared to be submitted to the friends of Mr. Torrey in person, or as a circular, by mail. In that document, proceeding as we supposed we were fully authorized to do, we said, "it is satisfactorily though indirectly ascertained, that the injured parties as they regard themselves, can be satisfied and induced to unite in the request for Mr Torrey's release, for a sum not exceeding —— dollars, *to be paid on condition of his delivery in Philadelphia.*" A further sum, it was stated, would have to be expended in employing counsel, &c. whatever the result.

Our *object* in seeking Mr. Torrey's release concerned both himself and his family. We sought it for his sake and theirs. We wished to give his wife her husband, and his children their father, no less than him his freedom. We sought to give them that husband and father to watch over, care for, and live with them, for years to come.

It was no part of our object to give him to them at the grave's mouth, with nothing for him to do but to die in their presence, and nothing for them, except to see him die, and then bury him. Could he have been released at the time we commenced the effort, or soon after, all that we sought might have been secured. For though his health was then so impaired that he could not live out his term in *prison*, it was the opinion of his physician, of others, and of himself, that if early released he would recover. The probabilities were wholly in his favor.

As the result of our appeal for aid, we were enabled, on the 21st of November, to authorize the gentleman already referred to, to go forward as counsel in the effort. In doing so, we gave him authority to draw on us and on a gentleman in Boston for such sums, not exceeding a given amount, as we supposed to be sufficient to cover both the Maryland and the Virginia cases; the sums to be paid on Mr. Torrey's delivery, free from legal arrest, in Philadelphia. On the 24th of November we received his reply, engaging to undertake the case, and prosecute it in the manner and on the conditions named.

At this time, on account of Mr. Torrey's health, and as important, for several reasons, to our success, it was thought that we should act promptly. We were speedily urged to this. The belief was expressed and the hope entertained, that so soon as the funds were at command, we could reach the result in a very short time; and we all felt that the sooner it was reached, whether propitious or adverse, the better would it be for Mr. Torrey, his family, and all concerned. Mr. Torrey himself said, that if we could not effect his release by mid-winter, he did not think his life would be worth the effort—that it would be only to breathe the air of freedom for a few days, and then die. We entered upon the effort accordingly, in the full expectation of its termination in from three to six weeks at farthest; and at all events, before Mr. Torrey's health should be hopelessly impaired.

In approaching the Virginia case, unexpected difficulties were encountered. On the 2d of January, however, we were informed that for a specific sum the case could be adjusted. But as the sum named was nearly double that anticipated, we were desired to say whether the additional amount could be provided, and whether we could consent to its payment In reply we stated that one of us would be in Baltimore in a few days; that in the meantime we wished the Maryland case so matured as to know the precise amount for which it could be settled, and that we would then say yes or no, to both cases, at the same time. On the 13th of January one of us arrived in Baltimore, with the funds at his command to cover both cases, and prepared to conclude the proposed arrangement. To his surprise he found that nothing farther had been done in the Maryland case, because, as was stated, the party, Mr. Heckrotte, would make no such arrangement as that contemplated. On the following day, in company with counsel, he saw Mr. Heckrotte, and learned from him personally, that he would come into no such arrangement. It was stated to Mr. Heckrotte that the funds had all been raised on the condition of being paid on the delivery of Mr. Torrey in Philadelphia, and that we had no authority to pay them on any other condition, and could in no event do it. As he was still inflexible, that was considered an end of the effort.

Mr. Heckrotte had at this time arranged to apply to the Legislature for remuneration for his slaves, and the expenses incurred in the arrest and conviction of Mr. Torrey. It was suggested that his application to the Legislature would probably fail, and that, in such event, he might consent to the proposed arrangement. Mr. Torrey was at this time better than he had been. In the hope that something might yet be done to restore him to his family, with the prospect of returning health, and continued life and usefulness, it was concluded not to close the effort, finally, then, but to resume it, should circumstances warrant, on the adjournment of the Legislature, or as soon as the result of Mr. Heckrotte's application should be known. It was also agreed, that meanwhile the petition of the gentlemen from Massachusetts should be presented to your Excellency. The other petitions contemplating an arrangement to satisfy the parties, were not to be presented to your Excellency until the arrangement contemplated in them was made, or other circumstances should seem to demand it. The funds necessary to conclude the arrangement were provided, and two months ago, one of us went to Baltimore for the express purpose of effecting it, with the requisite funds at command, and ready to pay the sums named, on Mr. Torrey's delivery in Philadelphia. It was no fault of ours that this was not then done. As it was not, the case was left as stated.

It was arranged, that on the adjournment of the Legislature, or any earlier decision respecting Mr. Heckrotte's application, or the occurrence of anything that should open the way for negotiating such arrangement as we had proposed, and were alone empowered to make, one or more of us would return to Baltimore to conclude it.

On the 2d of February, we were advised that an interview had been had with your Excellency, of the nature of which your Excellency is fully aware, and at which the petition of the Massachusetts gentlemen was duly presented. By the same letter, we were informed that Mr. Torrey was then confined to his bed sick; that unless he left the prison soon, he would not probably leave alive, and that he himself thought he should live but a few days.

On the 11th instant, in company with Mr. Torrey's father-in-law, one of us arrived in Baltimore, and had an early interview with Mr. Torrey. We learned also that the petitions of Mr. and Mrs. Torrey, of their father, and of some others, as well as that of the gentlemen of Massachusetts, had been presented to your Excellency's decision since the 23d of February. The presentation of these petitions, before any arrangement for satisfying the parties had been concluded, put the case, of course, wholly into the hands of your Excellency, leaving it for your Excellency to decide whether Mr. Torrey should be pardoned at all, and if so, to pardon him on the conditions intimated, or otherwise, as your Excellency might judge proper.

From this statement of our proceedings, your Excellency will observe, that from the beginning we have never proposed to pay any money to any party except on the condition of Mr. Torrey's delivery, if pardoned, free from legal arrest, in Philadelphia; that, from the statements made to us we supposed such an arrangement, for the payment of the sums which might be mutually agreed upon, would be satisfactory to the claimants of the slaves, that all the funds placed at our disposal have been raised on this supposition, and we have no power to appropriate them but on this condition; that our object in this effort, was to restore Mr. Torrey to continued life and usefulness, and to give his wife and children a husband and father for years to come; and that for more than two months, when he might have been restored to himself and family, we were ready to pay all that was demanded on his delivery, in case of pardon, in this city.

Since that period Mr. Torrey has been brought to the borders of the grave, and the question of his release has been placed, in the manner stated, in the hands of your Excellency. It has been there more than three weeks. Meanwhile Mr. Torrey has been daily drawing near his end. Remaining where he is, a few weeks must close his eyes in death. Within three days you have been urged by his venerable father-in-law to an immediate decision of the affecting case. Yet your Excellency holds the question of his release in suspense. IN THESE CIRCUMSTANCES WE BEG TO SAY, THAT SO FAR AS THE APPLICATION FOR HIS RELEASE HAS BEEN, OR MAY BE SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN MADE UNDER OUR DIRECTION AND BY OUR AUTHORITY, IT IS HEREBY WITHDRAWN.

It would be a precious boon, we know, to Mr. Torrey and his family, if he might die in their bosom, and they might have the melancholy pleasure of ministering to the dying wants, of closing the dying eye, and of performing the last offices of affection to the lifeless remains of him they love and honor. All the sympathies of our souls plead that he and they may have it. And pardon us, if we say, respectfully, that it seems to us a boon which Maryland at such an hour can well afford to give. Surely, when the prisoner has more than borne the penalty of the law, no interest of Maryland can suffer, no authority of Maryland can be impaired, and no honor of Maryland can be tarnished by bestowing the small, but to him and them, precious boon of dying in the bosom of his family.

We would gladly *buy* this boon for them, but we cannot, in our sympathy for the dying, forget the living, and, in the emotions of the present, forget the dictates of sober judgment and the necessities of the future. *We* must remember the *living* and the *future*. *They*, at such an hour, might, and we have no doubt, would, forget both. We cannot. Our judgment and sympathy alike forbid. We remember the desolate wife and the fatherless children. We think of them as they will be when the death scene is over. We know that their immediate friends are not able, though fully disposed, to give them such aid for the future as they need. We have funds at our disposal, in which we have no personal interest, whatever, but which may be used for the benefit of those to whom those funds cannot now, as originally designed, give back a husband and father for years to come. In these circumstances, after a long and careful deliberation, we cannot hesitate as to our duty. We must care for the living, and care for them as they will be when the dying is in his grave.

In coming to this decision, and thus leaving the dying in your Excellency's hands, it is due to Mr. Torrey's immediate friends to say, that we have acted in entire independence of them, and wholly on our own responsibility, and according to our own judgment.

Submitting these statements to your Excellency's consideration, and praying that in the great day of account, your Excellency, and we, and all the parties in this affecting case, may be found to have exercised such mercy toward our fellow-men, as to stand accepted and saved in the clemency of the Infinite Executive,

We are, with due respect,
Your obedient servants,
A. A. PHELPS,
C. D. CLEVELAND.

PHILADELPHIA, March, 20th, 1846.

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**FARTHER FROM HAITI BY THE BRIDGWATER.**

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Exchange writes from Cape Haytien, March 7, as follows:

An insurrectionary movement commenced at St. Marc on the 27th ultimo, which, most likely, will result in a revolution of the Government. The President had at length decided, that the long contemplated march against the Dominicans should commence on the 3d instant, and orders were sent to the troops of the Artibonite to rendezvous here. The expedition appears never to have been popular in any part of the territory, and the troops of St. Marc, under Gen. St. Louis, refused to obey the order, and eventually sent a deputation to General Riche, at Port-au-Prince, inviting him to assume the Presidency. This proposition he at first declined, but on the deputation being joined by others from the South and West, he afterward accepted it, and has issued a Manifesto, addressed to the army and people, declaring himself President. Various and contradictory rumors are in circulation. At one moment we are told that President Pierrot has resigned—the next, that he will march at once against the insurgents, and again, that he is preparing to defend the place against Riche, who is said to be advancing on this department with a strong force. He is evidently undecided as to what course to take, and the inhabitants, generally, appear to be rather indifferent respecting the movement; but the prevailing opinion is, that the troops here, of which there are some thousands, will not march in any direction; and that, as President Pierrot has never been popular in any department except this, he will eventually be obliged to give way to Riche. General Riche is a black man, about seventy years old, and of similar stamp to Pierrot and his predecessor, Guerrier, in habits, life, and education He was a Baron under Christophe, distinguished himself in the wars of his time, and was commander of his body-guard at the period of the King's death. It is said he has pledged himself to restore, with some modifications, the Constitution of 1816, and should he establish himself in the Presidency, Port-au-Prince will, doubtless, become again the seat of Government.

The principal cause of Pierrot's unpopularity in the West are, his removing the seat of Government, and obstinately persisting, contrary to the wishes of the army, in preparing an expedition against the Dominicans, for which he was constantly drawing large sums from Port-au-Prince and elsewhere. Although there has been very little fighting between the Haitians and Dominicans during the past year, yet the people of this department have been so generally and constantly under arms that more than one-third of the coffee crop has been lost, from no other cause than the want of labor to collect it, as the season has been more than ordinarily favorable.

A Spanish fleet from Cuba, consisting of a fifty-two gun frigate, two American built steamers, (the Eagle and Natchez,) and a topsail schooner, arrived here on the 2d instant to demand explanations concerning the Spanish schooner, which, as you have been informed, was taken and brought in here some time since, by one of the Haitian cruisers. It is understood that full explanation, apology, and demands of every kind were granted, and the fleet left on the 4th, but without interchange of salutes. The Spanish commander denied in the most positive manner, that there had been any communication whatever, between the Island of Cuba and the Dominicans, and the report that the latter are under the Spanish protection is probably untrue.

Authorities here have lately made a seizure of seven thousand dollars, Spanish, shipped on board the French brig Tancrede. A statute forbidding, on pain of confiscation, the export of bullion has always existed in the Island; but it had not been enforced for years, and was universally considered as virtually abrogated, as all similar pernicious and impracticable laws have been, in *fact*, for nearly two centuries, in most civilized countries. Scarcely a foreign vessel has left here for some years past which has not taken a greater or less amount, unquestionably with the knowledge of the authorities, but without their interference. But Government now suddenly orders the statute to be strictly enforced in all cases, not excepting payments for its own purchases, and this at a time when large amounts are just becoming due to American merchants for vessels and goods ordered by the Government, and contracted to be paid for in Spanish money. American interests were never less secure than at the present moment.

Tonnage duty is again exacted as per register. The law for measurement was intended to increase the duty, but from miscalculation it resulted in a diminution of more than twenty-five per cent. An export duty of fifty cents Haitian, cash, has recently been laid on hides.

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## Communications.

**Letter from Henry C. Bishop.**

BOSTON, March 24th, 1846.

*Dear Sir*:—Since my arrival in this city, I have been an eye-witness to a fact which I will relate for the gratification of your readers.

I happened to hear that there was to be an exhibition of a class of colored men and women, who had learned to read in a few weeks, under the instruction of Mr. Boyle, of this city. At the appointed hour I went to the hall, and found, to my surprise, that it was filled with the literati of "modern Athens." Rev. E. N. Kirk, Charles Sumner, Esq.—he who is so well known by his Fourth of July oration—and several other equally eminent men were on the committee to inspect the class.

I now learned that it was not the *common print* they had been learning, but the new methods of printing and spelling, which are termed Phonotypy and Phonography. I will briefly explain the difference between this new method of spelling and that which we now use, for I am not sufficiently acquainted with it to go into details. In our present method, each letter of the alphabet represents several sounds, and each sound is represented by several letters and combinations; while in Phonotypy—which means literally, SOUND-PRINTING, *each sound has one invariable representative, which never represents but that sound.* As the old letters of the alphabet are all retained, and merely a few additional ones used to represent the sounds in our language which have now no alphabetical representative, (for instance the first *sound* in the word ALL,) there is such a similarity between the two systems,—the new and the old,—that I had no difficulty in reading Phonotypy at first sight.

But to return to the class. There were four scholars, the youngest twenty-three, and the eldest forty-nine years of age. One of them is the sister of Frederick Douglass's wife. The minister of the church to which they belong stated to the Committee, that five weeks ago, they did not know a single letter of either alphabet,—the new or the old,—and that they were all poor persons, obliged to work hard for a living, and having consequently no time to devote to study, when not under the instruction of their teacher. One of them had been absent from the class a whole week, through sickness, and the others had been *necessarily* irregular in their attendance, so that it was computed that they had received altogether *not more than seventy hours' instruction.*

Their teacher then began to question them on the elementary sounds of the English language, their similitudes, dissimilitudes, the manner in which the organs of pronunciation were shaped to form them, &c. Their answers were prompt, and invariably correct, and made some of the teachers present stare at a great rate, I can assure you. They then began to read, first, words of one syllable, and then stories, containing two, three, and four syllables, with as much facility, according to the testimony of the teachers present, as is usually attained by pupils in the old system, after three years study.

The Committee will publish a report, which I will send you, for I really know of nothing which I think will be more instrumental in elevating this down-trodden race, than this great literary reform.

The thousands in our country, not blacks alone, but any quantity of whites, who are steeped in ignorance, are *living proofs* of the necessity of *some* reform that will rescue them from the yoke of intellectual bondage under which they groan.

Messrs. Andrews and Boyle, of Boston, are the leaders of this great work in America, and I hope that the *truly democratic* course which they pursue in disseminating a knowledge of Phonotypy will be appreciated by our abolition friends.

Yours, for universal intelligence and liberty,

HENRY CLAY BISHOP.

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The following is copied from "the Pledge and Standard" of the 21st instant, a Temperance paper, published in Philadelphia. The reader will be at no loss to understand that the person here alluded to is George F. White. This individual some time since asserted in Rose street meeting, that if that whole assembly was to be instantly carried off into slavery, and he could prevent it by lifting up his finger, he would not do it. Such vagaries are not uncommon with him—they evidently show a disordered intellect; but what are we to think of the congregation that sanction them? One of his friends lately, when some of his absurdities were mentioned, observed, that he was *supported*, meaning that the Society approved of them. If this is evidence that George is right, then we may conclude that Mahomet was a true prophet, and Joe Smith, the Mormon, a true disciple of the Saviour of the world, for they were both supported. Such folly, to give it no harsher name, may pass for awhile, but it does not require the spirit of prophecy to see that it must finally end in disgrace to the individual and to the Society who have upheld him in it. Indications of this are already apparent. I. T. H.

HEARTLESS RELIGION.—We have known a preacher in the Society of Friends, declare in public, that the only motive for his labor, was the peace of his own mind, and that he had sacrificed the enjoyment of home to engage in his religious services, for no other purpose than to relieve himself of the burden of duty. It seems to us a strange kind of religion that excludes the love of man as an incentive to action. Selfishness is at the bottom of it. For though it prompts to the sacrifice of self in *some* respects, yet it *professes* to do this *exclusively* for the benefit of self in *other* respects. Such a doctrine can only spring from a disordered brain, over which the heart has no warming influence. The individual to whom we refer has gained some celebrity for his eloquence and extravagance, and his constant apologies for War, Slavery, and Intemperance, and his fierce denunciations of all the benevolent enterprises of the age. It is but justice to say that the Society of Friends, in this section at least, do not endorse his views; nor will they, until bigotry and fanaticism shall extinguish every spark of philanthropy, and freeze up all the fountains of feeling. How adverse to such doctrine were the teachings and example of Him who "went about all his life doing good!" How adverse the principles and general character of the Quakers from the time of Fox, down to the present day! On such a cold, heartless, sterile religion, the Inquisition might thrive. But Christianity teaches another lesson. We fully concur with the sentiment that: "A heart dead to the claims of man, cannot be alive to the claims of God; and true religion cannot flourish on the ground where humanity withers."

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# The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1846.

☞ NO UNION WITH SL

resting-place. One whose mind is unwarped by prejudice, and whose heart is open to the cry of the poorest of God's children, will not turn a deaf ear to the supplication that cries to the universal Father, if not for vengeance, at least for succor. No paltry questions of expediency, no narrow views of pecuniary loss, no petty calculations of political advantage, no selfish love of ease, or interest, will make such an one swerve a hair's-breadth from the path of duty.

We would abolish Slavery, then, first for the slaves' sake, and then for the slaveholders'. For the first we will not admit your plea of their unfitness. If it were true, so much the more reason why we should demand their emancipation, for every moment's delay but adds to the difficulty.

But past wrong cannot be admitted as a valid excuse for its continuance. "It is," says Lord Brougham, "one of the grossest and most unnatural of the outrages against all virtue, to say nothing of charity, which despots and other slave-owners commit, that they visit on their hapless victims the failings which oppressions burn, as it were, into the character—that they affect disgust and reprobation at what is their own handiwork, and assume, from the vices they have themselves engendered, a new right to torment whom they have degraded." But the slaves are fit for freedom; they would not be men were they not, for the love of liberty is as universal as the love of life, and the Almighty will no more grant the one without the power of living, than the other without the capability of being free. However powerful your tyranny may be upon the welfare of man, it cannot set aside the laws of God. The result of the recent act of emancipation in the British West India Islands, show that if either class were unprepared for it, and needed the guardianship and directing care of wiser people to conduct their infant footsteps, it was the slaveholders, and not the slaves. It is not strange that you at the South cannot see your own condition. It is both necessary and proper that others should commence for you a work which you are too weak, if not too wicked, to commence for yourselves.—G.

### The Walker Committee Again.

I thought I had done with this subject, but a communication in last week's Liberator, from my esteemed friend Dr. H. I. Bowditch, compels me to add a word in self-defence.

It is useless now to enter into any lengthened discussion as to the propriety or impropriety of engaging Mr. Blount as counsel, and paying him his fee in advance. I have never questioned that the Committee acted in good faith, and according to their best judgment, in the selection they made. What I did object to was, that the Emancipator seemed determined to defend what we had the best evidence to believe was a blunder. But though the good intentions of the Committee need not be questioned, it has, nevertheless, excited some surprise that one of its members should have been appointed—and at considerable expense considering the duty—to engage counsel for Walker, and this gentleman, himself a lawyer, should have paid a man several hundred dollars in advance to attend to a duty which it was by no means certain could be done at all, even allowing that the person engaged had the best intentions. I agree entirely with Dr. Bowditch, that the sum paid was a "*bagatelle*" in comparison with the object to be gained; but when it seems to have been a sum squandered by bad management, it should not be a trifle even were it but a shilling.

I am glad to hear that the money so generously advanced by Capt. Small, has been all refunded him. As I did not before understand this to be the fact, of course I could have had no intention of being unjust to the Committee by neglecting to mention it.

The report of the Committee I cut from the Emancipator, with the intention of preparing an abstract of it for the Standard. Capt. Walker's communication, however, seemed to be all that was necessary, as it stated the main facts. That I did not publish the report—which of course I should not have done without comment—should rather have been imputed to me as a generous act of forbearance than one of culpable neglect. It was very unsatisfactory, and showed conclusively that the $750 was coolly pocketed by B'ount, without so much as a serious effort of any sort in return to be of service to Walker. But it is not worth while now to enter into particulars. No one, I presume, blames Dr. Bowditch, whatever they may think of some of his associates. For one, I trust, that he will never again be found in anti-slavery work in such company.

From the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

REWARD OF MERIT.—The Richmond Whig says—

"The New-York Express *has uniformly stood by the South.* It has been our friend in a strange land. The New-York Courier & Enquirer *has also advocated our cause with spirit and ability.* Let Southern men remember those papers."

The time *is* coming when the editors of both these papers will pray that Northern men may forget that the Southerners will remember them. "Wait a little longer."

This paragraph was started in the North, by the New-York Tribune, with the view of prejudicing our Northern countrymen against us;—and the Anti-Slavery Standard naturally enough, catches up the story of its ally, to be in due time copied into the Albany Evening Journal, and other abolition presses. But what is dishonest in the Tribune is the mutilation of the article in the Richmond Whig.

The above is from the New-York Express, and is the prelude to an article of nearly a column in length, made up in part of extracts from the Richmond Whig, in glorification of the Express, and in part of very hearty abuse of the allied powers of the New-York Tribune, the Albany Evening Journal, and the Standard! The paragraph we quoted from the Richmond Whig we copied from the Tribune, as it is not our privilege to count the Whig on our exchange list. Whether the Tribune misquoted the Whig or not, we do not know, but the Express, we may presume, has not, and our three lines may as well have been appended to the following, copied by that paper itself from the Whig, as to that which the Tribune professed to copy:

He, (the editor of the Express,) is conservative in every sense of the word. In nothing does he show forth this principle more fully and decidedly, (and it is that which has especially induced this notice,) than in his consistent and liberal course towards the South and its institutions. He is always to be found holding the same position, his views as lofty and generous as they are constitutional and true, in relation to our section of country, so generally, (at least on one point,) subject to the misconstruction, and frequently to the abuse, of the Northern press."

If the Express meant to flatter us in classing the Standard with the Tribune and the Journal, we are bound to thank him for his good intentions; we must, however, decline the honor, both for ourselves and them, as we profess a very different sort of Anti-Slavery from theirs, and the Tribune thinks us little better than Millerites and Mormons, while the Albany Journal will not even condescend to exchange with us.

We are not disposed, therefore, to enter the lists against the Express in defence of either of those papers. But at the same time we congratulate our neighbor upon his growing sensitiveness, when his pro-slavery character is made manifest to the North through the Anti-Slavery papers. He may rest assured, that he will not have to wait a great while longer ere he will regret that Southern papers have damned him with their not faint praise. Even if the Tribune and Journal could be base enough to have no higher motive, it has no doubt been a good money-investment for them to be anti-slavery enough to satisfy the growing public sentiment against the infernal system.

We admire, however, the candor of the Express, and hope that when he does become anti-slavery he will not like his allies of the Whig party, blink the real question at issue, but come out unequivocally and boldly upon the ground of the American Society, of "*No union with slaveholders!*" He says:

The reason why we disclaim and denounce political and sectional abolitionism, is, that it has not only been harmful to the slave, but that it is against the spirit, if not the letter, of the Constitution itself. No political Abolitionist can take the oath to support the Constitution of the United States, or ought to expect office under it. The only honest, consistent, straight-forward, and intelligible Abolitionists, are those of the Garrison school, who denounce the Constitution, and call for an "immediate dissolution of the Union."

*Extract from a letter of the late Rev. Dr. Tuckerman, of Boston, to Blanco White:* (published in the Biography of Blanco White.)—"The slave-question, from causes well understood here, and but partially understood in England, has called forth some of the worst expressions of the worst passions of the human heart: but the progress of the question can no more be arrested than that of time; and the most effective instruments of emancipation will be the slaveholders, and the most hot-headed advocates of Slavery. You will have heard of the determination of this class of our *republicans*, to obtain the annexation of Texas to the Union: and thus, by making ten or a dozen new States, to secure a decided preponderance of slaveholding power in this country. Texas—I mean as it stands in the map—will be the field of long and most angry battles in our Congress next winter. But fear nothing. *Should a vote on this subject be obtained, the Union will be dissolved; and,* AS I BELIEVE, WITHOUT A DOUBT, THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES WILL *thus be* greatly hastened. Or, should the South fail in this project, its desperation will be increased; which will, with equal certainty, though not, I think, so soon, be fatal to their cause. Has human society ever been advanced in great principles, but by some great and terrible shaking of its elements?"

This book is soon to be republished, we learn, by a Philadelphia house.

The above extract affords subject matter for thought and inference. Great bodies of men are now secretly entertaining the conviction which Dr. Tuckerman whispered in the ear of his friend Blanco White six years ago: and six years hence, we doubt not, whole States will proclaim the same from their respective Halls of Legislation.

*One* strong ground for that belief lies in the fact that so many individuals, and Anti-Slavery Societies, are urging forward the idea of dissolution as a matter of conscientious obligation. How numerous are the grounds of duty in these premises! Let each man *think them out* for himself, and arrange them consecutively, and he will be astonished at their number and strength. Hereafter we may present them fully, as they arise in our own mind.—c.

BORROWED EDITORIALS.—Our friend Gay, of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, who seems properly enough tenacious about a short article of his on "A new Slave-Trade," which appeared in our paper, headed, and without credit, as he says, a week or two ago, is informed that our first knowledge of the article being his was on the receipt of his yesterday's paper. It was copied by us from some other exchange paper, which gave no credit, but printed it in such a way, (not leading it,) as to indicate that it was not original. Whenever we know the origin of any important article, we shall sedulously endeavor to give due credit for it.

We wish to have it once for all understood, that we do not claim credit for *every* article which convenience or economy may require should appear *leaded* in our columns. Our type, it will be seen, is small—giving, *with* leading, as much reading in the same space as do most other papers *without*—and there is sometimes a short-handedness or weariness about the compositors in a *daily* office which can be but poorly appreciated by the publisher of a *weekly* sheet—even if that sheet be as large and well-executed as the National Anti-Slavery Standard. —*Boston Sun.*

All right friend. We knew there must have been some mistake about the matter, and therefore called your attention to it. We do not mean to be improperly tenacious on this point, but as our paper is pirated from by the column, and the larceny not acknowledged when attention is called to it, we confess to a growing impatience upon the subject. In nine cases out of ten the omission of credit is, no doubt, owing to an unwillingness to mention even our obnoxious name, and this phase of pro-slavery we mean to expose. The general tone of the Sun, however—and which we are glad to see—would be proof enough that you have no fear of anti-slavery, and do not shrink from naming its advocates.

### The Slaver "Pons," and the Colonizationists.

The Colonizationists have held several meetings here within the week, to arouse public sympathy in behalf of the recaptured Africans of the "Pons," to create an interest for their African colonies, and to make capital for themselves. Collections have also been taken up in various churches, and a large amount of money—nearly two thousand dollars—has been collected to purchase food and clothing to send to Monrovia. The good public of New-York are very benevolent, when the objects of their charity are so far removed as not to be a reproach to their every-day disregard of the dictates of common humanity, and the first principles of the Christian religion. An anecdote is told of John Randolph, who finding, one day, a bevy of Virginia ladies actively engaged in making clothes for children, asked for what purpose they were destined. They replied, "for the Heathen." He called again, in a few moments after taking leave, to inform the pious workers in behalf of missionary effort, that the Heathen children had called for the clothes. "Where! where!" they all exclaimed, running to the doors and windows. "There!" said he, pointing to a group of half-naked young slaves in the street. The only reason we have to doubt the truth of the story is, the improbability that Virginia ladies could bring themselves to any other employment than their favorite exercise of "whipping niggers."

Nothing is said in any of the meetings, of any intention of returning these "victims of outraged humanity"—as they are styled in one of the resolutions—to their homes. This probably would be thought to be flying in the very face of Providence, who has taken such unwearied pains to place them in sister Wilkins's school. I am heretic enough to doubt, however, very seriously, the right of the missionaries to detain those poor creatures still in bondage—for such is the fact—or whether the Almighty interposed directly to bring about such a termination to the voyage of the Pons.

☞ We give in another column the letter of Messrs. Phelps and Cleveland in Torrey's case. The Baltimore Patriot says in relation to it:

If may be proper to state, that it would be very wrong for any one to suppose, that Governor Pratt has ever encouraged the idea that he would pardon Mr. Torrey, as some might conclude from reading this letter of Messrs. Phelps and Cleveland, on the payment to Mr. Heckrotte of a sum of money for the slaves abducted. The whole proceeding, as we hear, originated and was carried on by those who are the friends of Mr. Torrey; and the Governor has had nothing more to do with it than to receive the application for pardon and to consider it, and, as we understand, he has still the subject before him undecided; but will, no doubt, do what he believes to be his duty in the case, apart from all considerations but those that relate to the public interest of the people of Maryland.

THE CHURCH, SOUTH.—An advertisement in the New Orleans Tropic offers for sale "a negro woman about thirty-eight years of age, a good plain cook, an excellent washer and ironer, with her three children, aged nine, six, and four years, all very likely boys:" also "one of the very best and most eligibly situated pews in the Rev. Dr. Scott's Church."

ANTI SLAVERY MELODIES.—The Pennsylvania Freeman says that two of the members of the Fair Committee of the Female Anti-Slavery Society, propose to publish for their next Fair a new selection of Anti-Slavery songs. Such a book, it seems to me, is unnecessary so long as we have so excellent a compilation as the "Anti-Slavery Melodies," by Jairus Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln is a man of very decided musical taste, and of excellent judgment, and it will be difficult to make a book of songs superior to his. He has long been an ardent and devoted Abolitionist, and few men in Massachusetts have done more than he, or sacrificed more for the cause. I doubt if he has ever realized the cost of his book by the sales, and it would be wiser and better for the cause, while at the same time it would be remunerating him for money spent entirely for the cause's sake, to extend the circulation of his book rather than to incur expense by getting out another, to be laid up in a few months on the dusty shelves of unsaleable publications.

☞ VALENTINE NICHOLSON, of *Harrisburg, Clinton county, Ohio,* is an agent, from this date, for the Standard, to procure subscribers and receive money.

☞ By a blunder of the printer the beautiful lines in last week's Standard, by Pringle, were made to appear as if written for this paper. They were copied by a friend, and hence the mistake.

### Recent Publications.

*Typee: A peep at Polynesian Life, during a four months' residence in a valley of the Marquesas; with notices of the French occupation of Tahiti, and the provisional cession of the Sandwich Islands to Lord Paulet. By Herman Melville. pp.* 325. New-York, Wiley & Putnam. London, John Murray: 1846.

Mr. Melville is brother to the Secretary of Legation in London. He was a sailor on board a whale ship, the Dolly, a fictitious name, no doubt, from which he ran away while lying in the harbor of Nukuheva, and secreted himself in a valley inhabited by a tribe called Typees, who have the reputation of being cannibals. This is the same tribe upon whom Captain Porter made his murderous onslaught, when he refitted his frigate on this island, during the last war. The island has often been visited by whalemen, but the natives appear to have made no change in their habits since they were first visited by white men, fifty years ago; and the account given of them by Mr. Melville exactly corresponds with that of Captain Porter's, which he says he has never seen.

"Typee" is very pleasantly written, and apparently faithful, though it must have been done from recollection. The adventures and hair-breadth escapes are highly wrought and exciting, and the whole narrative more entertaining, not so much for the style as the facts, than Robinson Crusoe. We can honestly say of this book that it is curiously charming and charmingly instructive.—B.

*Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Cairo. By M. A. Titmarsh.* Wiley & Putnam.

Mr. Titmarsh is the most enchanting of living authors, and he will always be a living author while there is anybody alive to relish wit, humor, pathos, and good writing. He is a descendant of Rabelais and Sterne, without a cross in his blood. He belongs to the noble army of Reformers, and this journey of his is the most delicious of his doings. To read him is to know him, and to know him is love him.—B.

*Biographies of Good Wives. By L. Maria Child. A new edition revised.* New-York, Francis & Co. Broadway. Boston, J. H. Francis, Washington street.

Yes, it's a heartsome thing to be a wife.—*Allan Ramsay.*

When a good woman
Is fitly mated, she grows doubly good,
How good so e'er before.—*Knowles.*

This well-known book of Mrs. Child's needs no other notice than the announcement of its republication. Those who have read it once will be glad to do so again, and those of the younger generation who have never seen it can hardly take up a pleasanter or more profitable work. We commend it especially to our young married friends. We agree with the author, when she says: "If this book convince one doubting individual that there really is such a thing as constant, disinterested love, which misfortune cannot intimidate, or time diminish;—if it teach one mistaken votary of ambition that marriage formed from conscientious motives makes human life a serene sky, 'where as fast as one constellation sets, another rises;'—if it reveal to one thoughtless wife some portion of the celestial beauty there is in a perfect union of duty and inclination;—if it prevent one young heart from becoming selfish and worn;—if it make one of the frivolous, or profligate, believe in a holy affection, that purifies those who indulge it, blesses them on earth, and fits them to be angels in heaven—then it has not been written in vain."

*Blackwood for March.*—We are indebted to Messrs. Scott & Co. for the March number of Blackwood. It presents the usual variety of interesting papers. The article of the editor on the present aspect of political affairs in Great Britain, will be read with a good appetite by those who agree with him in his conservative opinions.

### This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* A Letter. *Miscellany:* The Confessions of Richard Grainger; Pen vs. Sword; Silent, but Eloquent.

FIRST PAGE.—*Pro Slavery:* Negro Voters, Jurors, and Officers; Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce; Abolition in the Ancient Church; Cassius M. Clay; Extracts from the Speech of Mr. Wick. *Selections:* The West Indies; Anti Slavery; Suffrage and the Morning News; Message from the President.

SECOND PAGE.—An old Virginia Slave; Withdrawal of the Torry Petitions; Schooner Patuxent and the Slave-Trade; Farther from Haiti by the Bridgwater. *Communications:* Letter from Henry Clay Bishop; George F. White.

## GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

### Foreign.

#### Late from Jamaica.

We have received by an arrival at Baltimore, files of the *Jamaica Despatch*, and the (Kingston) *Morning Journal.* Captain Frisbie, we learn, has been acquitted. We clip the two following articles, the first from the *Despatch*, and the last from the *Journal:*

The Rev. Mr. Pennington delivered a very interesting sermon at the Baptist Chapel, in East Queen street, on Sunday afternoon. He took his text from the 23d chapter of St. Matthew, 26th verse, from which he delivered a rather profound and really eloquent discourse, which we certainly had not anticipated when we visited the chapel. Mr. Pennington, it is generally known, is an American black, who has, however, evidently received a considerable degree of education, obtained, as it is said, by his own exertion and application. His parents and relatives are still slaves in the Southern States of America, and it is with a view of obtaining the means of relieving them from slavery, that he has addressed himself to the sympathies of a Jamaica public. His delivery is mild and gentlemanly, and he is, in every respect, well calculated to render effective his appeal to the good feelings of hearers. There was a collection after the sermon, but we did not learn the amount derived from it. Mr. Pennington also preached in the evening at the Chapel in Hanover street, but such was the throng and consequent heat, that we were unable to remain. We understand he preaches this evening at the Wesleyan Chapel, in Thames Street.

"War! war! No peace! peace is to me a war."
KING JOHN.

*To the Editor of the Morning Journal:*

SIR:—Why should the British Government hesitate to enter into a war with the United States? Every motive of policy should induce the Government to seize an opportunity so favorable. At peace with all the powers of Europe, and having questions so difficult to solve, save by the sword, with the States, why hesitate? The murder of Ambrister and Arbuthnot has not yet been atoned. The insidious attempt upon Canada—the defeat of which by the loyal Canadians, so roused the anger of the States, that they sought to quench their fierce hatred in the blood of a British subject, McLeod, has not yet received its merited reward. The Boundary Question will then be easily settled, and money also saved, for it has cost the nation as much in the salaries, &c. of Commissioners, as would have defrayed the expense of an expedition. The Oregon, the Texan, the Cuban, the Haitian contemplated annexation schemes, require to be settled. Will any one pretend to say that a mightier task is not in the contemplation; that it is determined to carry on the abominable traffic in slaves, to doom Africa to a longer state of degradation? Great Britain has already expended twenty millions to enfranchise the slaves in her own colonies. Will she be content to lose that sum, and see her labors in the cause of Christianity so destroyed? Is it not better, wiser, and safer, to expend twenty millions more to secure what she has already done, and to extend the same blessing to the continent? Let her send ten thousand troops to Canada, they will at once settle boundary and Oregon questions. Let her pour her African sons into Florida, Louisiana, or the Carolinas, with a promise of freedom to all slaves who will join her standard, and the other annexation schemes will be at an end in one campaign. Her fleets can seize the whale ships in the Pacific, and the Indiamen in the Chinese Ocean. What business have these tea-haters there? One thing is certain: the war party in the States are only waiting for an opportunity; their resolution is taken—is proclaimed to the world; and if Britain does not go to war with them now, they will have time to strengthen themselves, and will of course give more trouble. In the meantime, we will be the sufferers. Let Britain go now to war, and the Slave-Trade will at once be put an end to. I conceive that war with the United States now, will ultimately be a saving of millions, besides extending the trade and influence of Britain, and the general happiness of mankind especially—Africans in an incalculable degree.

VOX AFRICANI.

P. S.—Should you, Mr. Editor, publish this, I may show at another time, not only the expediency and justice of the war, but also by statistical accounts, the immense saving and advantages which Government would derive from it.

Correspondence of the New Orleans Picayune.

#### Mexican Affairs—Santa Anna, &c.

HAVANA, February 25th, 1846.

It is hinted about here, in different circles, that a strong effort is to be made to erect a throne on the present tottering Republic of Mexico. The native Cubans are opposed to it, root and branch, but they dare not, as in some sections of the United States, throw ridicule upon the system. O'Donnell, like Tacon before him, stands no nonsense.

A slave ship arrived on the coast a short time since with nine hundred slaves on board. The Captain General was at once apprised of the fact by Mr. Crawford, the English Consul, and this, I suppose, will be the last of it. The slaves have all been landed and distributed ere this.

At a little village named Cerro, within three miles of Havana, resides Santa Anna. He has constructed an amphitheatre in his yard, where all the gamblers of the city resort for the purpose of cock-fighting. The cocks are matched and weighed, the bets made, and a day appointed for deciding the enormous sums which the Mexican hazards at this his favorite sport. A few days since, and during the heat of the fight, the ex-President bet the enormous odds of eighteen doubloons against twelve dollars. I remained sufficiently long to see him lose this singular bet. It is pretty well ascertained, and is now all the talk among the sporting circles, that a young American, related to one of our first families, won thirty-five thousand dollars at "monte" from the ex President of Mexico.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, writing from Vera Cruz, February 22, says:

This Republic—there is no mistake about it—is shaken to its very centre. The *Monitor*, received from the city of Mexico yesterday, comes out strong in favor of Santa Anna, and *El Tiempo*, the paper sustained by Government, equally strong in favor of *monarchy*. That many are looking anxiously for the advent of a prince from Europe, and foreign intervention, is as plain as the sun at noon-day; but at the same time the mass, sooner than have a scion of royalty fastened upon them, would prefer to live even under the "stars and stripes."

The Mexican Government is endeavoring to raise the wind out of the *cotton permits*. The new law respecting the importation of cotton is general, but a permit must be obtained from the Government first, and the import duty paid when the permit to import is granted—ten dollars to one hundred pounds. A pretty good duty, you will say, and such protection to the grower as in any other land would make the parties rich; but here, the more the growers of cotton are protected, and the greater price they obtain, the less they raise.

*Later from St. Domingo.*—By the arrival at this port, on Monday, of the brig Chattahoochee, Capt. Smith, we have advices to the 1st instant, the day of her sailing. Capt. Smith informs us that on the 23d of February, the Spanish fleet consisting of two steamers, the Bazan and Natchez, the frigate Christina, and Schooners Creolia, Churruca, and Isabel Segunda, arrived at the city of St. Domingo from Anasco, Port Rico, and anchored off the Port for 36 hours; during which time the Commander, Mr. Pablo de Zlane, had an interview with the Dominican President, offering his service, and informing the President that he had orders to give all the assistance possible to the Dominicans. The President returned thanks. The expedition appears to have been fitted out for Haiti, and having taken a pilot on board, the fleet sailed for Cape Haiti, where they are to claim $80,000 as indemnity for having insulted the Spanish flag and imprisoned Spanish subjects on the Haitian coast. The Dominican fleet, consisting of a frigate two brigs, and ten schooners, are ordered to cruise as far as the Capes to assist the Spanish fleet.

The life of the French Consul at Port-au-Prince has been threatened, and he is said to have taken refuge on board a frigate. The Dominicans are patiently and anxiously awaiting the recognition of the United States. They are expecting soon to be recognized by Spain without the expense and trouble of sending a commissioner to that country. Business was brisk, and the city was perfectly quiet.—*Tribune.*

#### ITEMS BY THE LAST STEAMER.

*Reception of Mr. George Thompson at Leicester.*—On Monday evening, a public meeting of the "Liberal electors and other inhabitants," was held in the new hall, which was crowded to excess, only a few seats being used for ladies, while the remainder of the room contained a dense mass of persons wedged together, and numbers were unable to gain admission. The appearance of Mr. Thompson, accompanied by Captain Cogan, of the League, was hailed with much cheering. On the motion of Mr. W. Baines, seconded by Mr. Swain, Mr. J. Collier was unanimously called to the chair, and stated that the invitation to Mr. Thompson had originated in a deep and growing feeling in the minds of some electors, that great principles, heretofore too much neglected, ought to be represented in Parliament. Mr. Thompson then expounded his views on the three great questions of commercial, religious, and political reform, in a clear, calm, and judicious manner, and sat down amidst much applause. Mr. C. Billson moved, and Mr. D. D. Slade seconded, a resolution declaring Mr. Thompson a fit and proper person to represent the borough, and pledging the meeting to support him at the next election. Mr. L. Staines, the election-agent of the Whigs, then moved an amendment in favor of Mr. Wynn Ellis, (though that gentleman had formally announced his determination not to stand again,) which was seconded by Mr. E. Mitchell. For the amendment an exceedingly small number of hands appeared, and the resolution was carried by a vast majority. Mr. Mursell and Mr. Baines briefly addressed the meeting in favor of Mr. Thompson, who suitably acknowledged the vote; and, thanks having been given to the chairman, on the motion of Mr. G. Viccars, seconded by Mr. Harley, the assembly dispersed at a late hour.—*Correspondence of the Non-Conformist.*

*Miss Martineau's* new volume contains three tales:—"The Bishop's Flock and the Bishop's Herd," "Heathendom in Christendom," and "Four Years at Maude Chapel Farm."

On Monday, the 16th instant, a deputation of the committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society and friends, waited on Mr. Secretary Gladstone, by appointment, on the subject of colonial legislation, Coolie immigration, and the removal of the stipendiary magistrates. The deputation was composed of Joseph J. Gurney, G. W. Alexander, Samuel Gurney, jr. J. Gurney Barclay, Josiah Conder, and Joseph Cooper, Esqs.; the Rev. J. H. Hinton, and Mr. John Scoble, the Secretary of the Society. The right honorable gentleman received the deputation with great courtesy, and listened with close attention to their representations, and, in return, treated them with great frankness as to the course it had been suggested by others the Government ought to pursue on the various points submitted to his attention. The committee would cherish the hope, that the right honorable gentleman will not commit himself to the policy of his noble predecessor, but mark out such a course for himself as will secure for him the confidence and respect of all the true friends of the emancipated colonies.—*London Anti-Slavery Reporter.*

The friends of the Anti-Slavery cause will be gratified to learn that the manufacture of free labor cotton goods has commenced. We understand that a limited quantity of white and printed calicoes, manufactured solely from cotton raised by free labor, may be seen or had on application to Mr. Joseph Chrimes, Marsden square, Manchester. We earnestly hope that the benevolent originators of this enterprise will fully realize their best expectations. In connection with this announcement, we would direct attention to an extract from a letter addressed to Joseph Sturge, from a friend at Philadelphia who is engaged with others in a similar undertaking.—*Ibid.*

### General Items.

The magnificent packet ship *Henry Clay*, perhaps the finest merchant ship in the world, went ashore on Squam Beach in the gale of Tuesday of last week. Several lives were lost. The rest of the passengers and crew were landed in safety. It is expected the ship will be got off without any material damage.

The trial of Albert J. Tirrell for the murder of Maria Bickford, took place at Boston last week. He was acquitted of the charge of murder, but immediately indicted on the charge of arson.

*Editorial Courtesy at the South.*—The editor of a certain paper, published in Alabama, thus speaks of a rival contemporary:

There is a certain Gallaway, thing of the Florence Gazette, and jackass of Florence; sore eye to the present generation, and chockedamp to nature; in brief, a long-legged, lank-sided, sore-shinned, big-footed, goggle-eyed, maggot-eaten, hip-shotten, knock-kneed, gander-shanked, ill-natured, devil-ridden poke of creation that we will be compelled to notice in our next number.—*Itawambian.*

*Premature Burials.*—A scientific man of Paris has ascertained that no less than ninety-four premature burials have been prevented by accidental causes since 1833. Thirty-five of the persons awoke while their coffins were being nailed down; thirteen had been recovered by care; seven by the upsetting of the coffins; nine by incisions in pinning their shrouds; nineteen by accidental delays, created purposely by their friends; and five by other causes. The annual estimate of premature burials, given by the same gentleman, is twenty-seven.—*Mirror.*

*A Mistake.*—Some of our friends misunderstand our Albany letter, or that part of it where we say "this is no longer a question about Africans, whether they be beasts or men—a debate about maudlin philanthropy." We did not intend to disparage benevolent feelings towards, or throw contempt upon, the Africans, but to take the question away from the ground where our enemies had placed it.—*True American.*

Fanny Forester (Miss Chubbuck,) the popular magazine writer, it is said in a Philadelphia letter to the Journal of Commerce, is to be married to Rev. Mr. Judson, and will accompany him on his missionary labors in India.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

*For the Standard—from February 16, to April 1.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Robert Haydock, New-York city, | | $5 00 |
| L. Tarbox, Brooklyn, Ct. | | 2 00 |
| Abraham Murray, Elizabethtown, N. J. | | 2 00 |
| Elihu Slocumb, King's Ferry, N. Y. | | 2 00 |
| Oliver Keese, Peru, N. Y. | | 10 00 |
| Thomas Smith, | " | |
| B. W. W. Keese, | " | |
| Parmela Keese, | " | |
| T. B. Watson, | " | |
| Female A. S. S. | " | |
| John Bigbie, Newark, N. J. | | 1 00 |
| Z. Winter, Stafford, Ct. | | 5 00 |
| Elizabeth Willets, Westbury, L. I. | | 1 00 |
| Paul George, Haverhill, Mass. | | 1 00 |
| John C. Gore, Jamaica Plains, Mass. | | 2 00 |
| Rev. E. Buckingham, Trenton, N. Y. | | 2 00 |
| Daniel Robinson, Farmington, | " | 8 75 |
| A. Wright, Buffalo, | " | 3 75 |
| A. D. Wright, Denmark, | " | 2 00 |
| George R. Russell, W. Roxbury, Mass. | | 2 00 |
| R. G. Shaw, jr. Boston, Mass. | | 2 00 |
| T. M. Holmes, Wethersfield, Ct. | | 5 00 |
| Morris Munson, Greenfield, Mass. | | 5 75 |
| Wm. French, Kingston, R. I. | | 2 00 |
| E. A Darling, Woonsocket, R. I. | | 3 00 |
| David Wyman, Westminster, Mass. | | 2 00 |
| N. Mulliken, Lexington | " | 3 00 |
| J. N. Buffum, Lynn, | " | 2 00 |
| Stephen Dean, E. Hamburgh, | " | 6 00 |
| Edwin Thompson, E. Walpole, | " | 3 00 |
| Rev. Dr. Francis, Cambridge, | " | 2 00 |
| C. Shaw, Abington, | " | 3 00 |
| Wendell Phillips, Boston, | " | 2 00 |
| G. W. Greene, Dedham, | " | 2 00 |
| Rev. J. C. Phillips, Metheun, | " | 2 00 |
| Rev. R. S. Storrs, Brookline, | " | 2 00 |
| John H. Farnsworth, Dana, | " | 2 00 |
| Edwin Wilcox, Commons, R. I. | | 2 00 |
| Anna Robinson, Bernadotte, Ill. | | 2 00 |
| N. P. Battey, Canterbury, Ct. | | 1 00 |
| Peter Brown, Liverpool, England, | | 2 00 |
| Arad Gilbert, W. Brookfield, Mass. | | 2 00 |
| John M. Fiske, | " " | 2 00 |
| Edwin T. Stowell, | " " | 2 00 |
| David Storer, Westminster, Ct. | | 1 00 |
| M. Wilson, Cadiz, Ohio, | | 2 00 |
| John Butler, Lowell, | " | 2 00 |
| Nelson D. Wolf, Inlet, Ill. | | 2 00 |
| Reuben Ray, Nantucket, Mass. | | 2 00 |
| Lemuel Stevens, Plymouth, | " | 2 00 |
| Z. W. Harlow, | " " | 2 00 |
| Bourne Spooner | " " | 2 00 |
| Catherine Catlin, Athol, | " | 2 00 |
| Susan Cabot, W. Roxbury, | " | 2 00 |
| E. Jackson, Boston, | " | 2 00 |
| S. Downer, | " " | 50 |
| Isaac Winslow, Boston, Mass. | | 2 00 |
| Julia Ann Chickering, Amherst, Mass. | | 2 00 |
| Mary M. Peckham, Easton, | " | 2 00 |
| Nathan Marble, Port Byron, | " | 1 00 |
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| By ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,— | | |
| H. W. Curtis, Hartford, Ohio, | | 2 00 |
| Anson Garleck, Andover, Ohio, | | 2 00 |
| Henry Harper, Harpersfield, Ohio, | | 2 00 |
| S. Mathews, Painsville, Ohio, | | 2 00 |
| Hunter & Watson, Lowell, Ohio, | | 2 00 |
| A. A. Smith, Austinburgh, | " | 2 00 |
| J. H. Mathews, Painsville, | " | 2 00 |
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| Dr. J. Turner, Elyria, | " | 1 00 |
| Tiffanny & Townsend, Elyria, Ohio, | | 2 00 |
| Wm. Munn, Newburg, | " | 2 00 |
| | | —164 75 |

*Donations.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Per Dr. HUDSON,— | | | |
| Josiah Henshaw, | W. Brookfield, Mass. | | $5 00 |
| Asa Cutler, | Oxford, | " | 50 00 |
| S. Davis, | " | " | 1 00 |
| C. P. Carey, | " | " | 1 00 |
| H. C. Cutler, | " | " | 5 00 |
| E. Sandford, | " | " | 1 00 |
| L. P. Lowe, | " | " | 3 00 |
| Mr. Davis, | " | " | 25 |
| " Scott, | " | " | 25 |
| Misses Reed and Humphrey, Millbury, | | " | 1 00 |
| Mrs. Wm. Humphrey, | " | " | 1 00 |
| Per E. L. Capron, | Uxbridge, | " | 7 00 |
| Cash, | " | " | 20 |
| Elkanah Snow, | Billingham, | " | 50 |
| Collection, | " | " | 1 16 |
| Nathan Collison | " | " | 1 00 |
| Cash | | | 26 |
| Homer Daggett, | " | " | 2 00 |
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| Cash | " | " | 37 |
| Festus Foster, | Brimfield, | " | 2 00 |
| Collection, | Becket, | " | 87 |
| Jesse Searle, | " | " | 54 |
| Dr. Robinson, | Springfield, | " | 1 74 |
| J. Leonard, | " | " | 5 00 |
| Miss Sandford, | " | " | 50 |
| Per L. Burleigh, | Danielsonville, | " | 2 00 |
| Per FRANCIS JACKSON,— | | | |
| Louisa W. Colby, (Executrix of the will of Peggy Dodge, Salem, Mass. | | | 50 00 |
| George R. Russel, | W. Roxbury, Mass. | | 25 00 |
| Miss S. Philbrick, | Brooklyn, | " | 5 00 |
| Miss Roby, | | | 5 00 |
| Mrs. Blanchford, | | | 3 00 |
| A Friend, | | | 2 00 |
| Albert Moseley, Springfield, Mass. | | | 1 00 |
| Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, | | | 1,800 00 |
| Total amount. | | | $2,153 32 |

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

## NOTICES.

### NORFOLK COUNTY A. S. SOCIETY.

In order to coincide with the arrangements of the General Agent of the Massachusetts A. S. Society, the annual meeting of the Norfolk County A. S. Society will be held at Dedham, on Wednesday and Thursday, April 15 and 16, in the Temperance Hall, commencing on Wednesday, at two o'clock, P. M. and continuing through the next day and evening. It is hoped that the members and friends of the Norfolk Society will see to it that this shall be the largest and best meeting ever held in the county. The exigencies of the times and of the cause demand it. We expect to have the assistance of William Lloyd Garrison, Thomas T. Stone, Charles Lenox Remond, Parker Pillsbury, Loring Moody, Edwin Thompson, and other friends from within and without the county.

A cordial invitation is extended to all members and friends of the Massachusetts A. S. Society in Boston, and throughout the State and country, to give us the assistance of their presence and counsels. They may be sure of a cordial and hospitable welcome.

Let it be a gathering unprecedented for its numbers, its interest, and its efficiency!

EDMUND QUINCY, *President.*
INCREASE S. SMITH, ANNE WARREN WESTON, } *Secretaries.*

### ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES.

Thomas T. Stone, lately from Maine, Agent of the Massachusetts A. S. Society, will lecture in

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Framingham, | Friday, | April 3 |
| Sherburne, | Monday, | " 6 |
| Dover, | Wednesday, | " 8 |
| Giles B. Stebbins will lecture in | | |
| Marshfield, | Saturday, | April 4 |
| South Scituate, | Monday, | " 6 |
| Hanover, | Wednesday, | " 8 |
| Hingham, | Friday, | " 10 |
| Weymouth, | Sunday, | " 12 |
| Parker Pillsbury will lecture in | | |
| Salem, | Saturday | April 4 |
| Manchester, | Monday, | " 6 |
| Gloucester, | Wednesday, | " 8 |
| Rockport, | Saturday, | " 11 |
| Essex, | Monday, | " 13 |

The friends of freedom in all the above mentioned towns, are urged, to co-operate with these able and devoted lecturers, by securing to them convenient places for their meetings—giving extended notices—and conveying them from place to place without charge.

LORING M

# Poetry.

From the Boston Chronotype.

## A LETTER

*Supposed to have been written by the Chairman of the "Central Clique" at Concord, N. H. to the Hon. M. N. Jr. at Washington, giving the result of the election.*

'Tis over, Moses!—all is lost!
I hear the bells a-ringing;
Of Pharaoh and his Red Sea host,
I hear the Free-Wills singing. (1)
We're routed, Moses, horse and foot,
If there be truth in figures,
With federal Whigs in hot pursuit,
And Hale with all the "niggers."

Alack! alas!—this month or more
We've felt a sad foreboding,
Our very dreams the burden bore
Of central cliques exploding;
Before our eyes a furnace shone,
Where heads of dough were roasting;
And one we took to be your own
The traitor Hale was toasting!

Our Belknap brother (2) heard, with awe,
The Congo minstrels playing;
At Pittsfield, Reuben Leavitt (3) saw
The ghost of Storrs a-praying!
And Baker dreamed that Father Hill,
Like one whose head was addle,
Sat singing, "Baby hush!—lie still!"
A rocking Hibbard's cradle. (4)

Grey Hubbard (5) heard o'nights the sound
Of rail-cars onward faring;
Right over democratic ground
The iron horse came tearing.
A flag waved o'er that spectral train,
As high as Pittsfield steeple,
Its emblem was a broken chain,
Its motto:—"*To the people!*"

I dreamed that Charlie took his bed,
With Hale for his physician;
His daily dose an old "unread
And unreferred" petition. (6)
There Hayes and Tuck as nurses sat
As near as near could be, man;
They leeched him with the "Democrat,"
They blistered with the "Freeman."

Ah, grisly portents!—what avail
Your terrors of forewarning?—
We wake to find the nightmare Hale
Astride our breasts at morning!
From Portsmouth lights to Indian stream,
Our foes their throats are trying;
The very factory spindles seem
To mock us while they're flying!

The hills have bonfires; in our streets
Flags flout us in our faces;
The news-boys peddling off their sheets
Are hoarse with our disgraces.
In vain we turn, for gibing wit
And shoutings follow after,
As if old Kearsarge had split
His granite sides with laughter!

What boots it that we pelted out
The Anti-Slavery women, (7)
And bravely strewed their hall about
With tattered lace and trimming?
Was it for such a sad reverse
We mobbed the compact-breakers?
And kept our tar and wooden horse
For Englishmen and Quakers? (8)

For this did shifty Atherton
Make gag-rules for the great house?
Wiped we for this our feet upon
Petitions in our State House?—
Plied we for this our axe of doom,
No stubborn traitor sparing,
Who scoffed at our opinion-loom,
And took to homespun wearing?

Ah, Moses!—hard it is to scan
These crooked Providences,
Deducing from the wisest plan
The saddest consequences!
Strange, that, in trampling as was meet,
The nigger-men's petition,
We sprung the mine beneath our feet,
Which opened up perdition.

The very thing we greatly feared,
At last has come upon us,
Like autumn leaves the frost has seared,
Fall off our blushing honors.
The blow we dreaded most has come
From Hale, (the more 's the pity,)
Appealing to the people from
The people's own committee!

How goodly, Moses, was the game
In which we 've long been actors,
Supplying Freedom with the name,
And Slavery with the practice!
Like Atlas, the democracy
We carried on our shoulders;
The people they were kings, and we
The people's conscience-holders!

Now thanks to letter-writing tricks,
The tree of knowledge 's tasted;
Our Eden-land of politics
Lies trampled down and wasted.
Ah, Moses!—"Equal rights" we find
No more a nice pretence is;
The very negroes take the wind
Of our offended senses!

The ides of June!—wo wo th the day,
When, turning all things over,
The traitor Hale shall make his hay
From democratic clover!
Who then shall take him in the law?
Who punish crime so flagrant?
Whose hand shall serve, whose pen shall draw
A writ against *that* "Vagrant?" (9)

Alas! no hope is left us here,
And we can only pine for
The envied place of overseer
Of slaves in Carolina.
Pray, Moses, give Calhoun the wink,
And see what pay he's giving;
We've practiced long enough, we think,
To know the art of driving.

And, for the faithful rank and file,
Who know their proper stations,
Perhaps it might be worth their while
To try the rice plantations.
Let Hale exult, let Wilson scoff
To see us southward scamper,
The slaves we know are "better off
Than laborers in New Hampshire." (10)

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(1) The Book Establishment of the Free Will Baptists at Dover, was refused an act of incorporation by the New Hampshire Legislature, for the reason that the newspaper organ of that sect, and its leading preachers, favored abolition.

(2) The Senatorial editor of the Belknap Gazette has all along manifested a peculiar horror of "niggers," "nigger parties."

(3) The Justice before whom Elder Storrs was brought for preaching abolition, on a writ drawn by Hon. M. N. Jr. of Pittsfield. The Sheriff served the writ while the Elder was praying.

(4) Harry Hibbard, a candidate for the Senate at the late election, lacked, it is said, the constitutional qualification of age. Harry, with all his radicalism, is a young man of fine talents.

(5) Ex-Governor Hubbard's peculiar notions of the rights of individuals and of corporations in respect to railroad routes are well known.

(6) "Papers and memorials touching the subject of Slavery shall be laid on the table without reading, debate or reference."—*Atherton's Congressional gag law.*

(7) The Female Anti-Slavery Society, at its first meeting in Concord, was assailed with stones and brickbats.

(8) The celebrated English Abolitionist, George Thompson and his Quaker friend, John G. Whittier. It is but fair to say that the honors of the great Concord mob of 1836, belong, in a very equal degree, to Whigs and Democrats.

(9) Elder Storrs described as a "vagrant," in the Hon. M. N.'s writ.

(10) See New Hampshire Patriot of last year.

# Miscellany.

From Douglass Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.

## THE CONFESSIONS OF RICHARD GRAINGER.

As you have requested me to put upon paper the account which I gave you of the most remarkable passage in my life, I shall do it as briefly as possible, and leave you to correct any errors into which my pen may slip; for I am not a practised writer.

Some one has said that we remember best that which has caused us pleasure. Is this true? I cannot say it. I have two volumes in my mind,—the "Pleasures of Memory," and the "Pains of Memory;" and I almost think the latter has the bolder type.

If there is a place in the world of which I could draw a picture from memory, (if I had the handicraft,) it is Robert's Fold; but few were the hours of comfort I had there. Some poet says—

"My eyes make pictures when they're shut;"

and, though I am no poet, (though I like poetry, and wish I had read more of it when I was young,) I am sure I can often see Robert's Fold, and every particular thing about it, very well in the dark; better, indeed, than in the light. Talking of poetry—I would say that there is plenty of it in some of the plainest and commonest facts in the world, if only men who write knew how to handle them. For instance, there seemed to be nothing like poetry about those old grey stone cottages in Robert's Fold—their broken windows, miserable fireplaces, and rough stone floors: but let these facts be looked at in connection with the hopes, feelings, and desires of the poor creatures that lived there; or let them be contrasted with the freedom and beauty of surrounding nature, and I think something like poetry will then make its appearance. Robert's Fold was the name of a homestead, consisting of a farm-house, barns, stables, and a few cottages, standing in the form of a square, and connected by a wall of loose stones, such as is generally used for a fence in that part of the country—the west of Yorkshire.

To see this Robert's Fold, you must imagine a large, old-fashioned, and gloomy farm-house, (but it might have been made pleasant enough with pleasant people in it,) substantially built, of old grey stones, with a porch in the front, and windows of small panes with stone partitions, but some of them blocked up with slabs. In the front of the house was a garden,—not an ornamental one, but a plain, kitchen-garden,—where kale and potatoes were grown. On one side of the house was a gate, which led into the Fold, and on the other were a few poor cottages. The Fold, as I have told you, was a square, of very uneven ground, and, when inside of it, you could see nothing beyond it. It looked dismal enough on a rainy day. And here, in the farm-house, lived my uncle Robert, to whom the whole property belonged. Now I must say something of my uncle's character, and this is no pleasure to me. But I shall endeavor to look away from my own pleasure or pain, and write down exactly what is fair and true, without any wish to injure his memory, but with an intention to illustrate facts which should be well understood, for the welfare of society.

My uncle was a miser. He was, I believe, the richest man in the parish of Fordenton, where his farm was situated. Adjoining the Fold, and at some distance from it, he had, altogether, about five hundred acres of land, some of it capital pasture-land. I suppose he had the common feelings of our nature in him; but his love of money had overcome them, so that they were seldom visible. He had been brought up in a hard way, though he came to all this property; and his living so much alone, surrounded by none but his poor, hard-working dependents, had strengthened his unhappy and avaricious disposition. Strange as it may seem, (I have not to account for it, but only to state the fact,) he seemed to delight in unhappiness. I could understand his love of money in some measure, but I never could understand his hatred for everything comfortable and cheerful:—nothing offended him more than a merry speech, and he did not like to see one at ease and happy, even on a Sunday. "I should think thou might find something to do better than standing against that wall," he would say, when he caught me indulging in a lounge outside of the Fold, on a Sunday afternoon. "'Tis as good as anything *you* do," I would grumble, as I stole away out of his presence. As to his dress, my uncle Robert might have passed well as an object of charity among respectable persons. He delighted in still wearing a worn-out fustian coat, which he never changed from Monday to Saturday, though it was often drenched with rain. The pockets were the only parts which he cared to keep in repair. On Sunday he was tolerably well dressed, but never seemed to know what to do with himself. To church he went, and, strange to say! he sometimes read the "Pilgrim's Progress" in the evening. What he made out of that book I cannot tell; for he never said a word about it; but I have since thought he must have had some good thoughts and feelings, now and then, under the rugged rind of his external behaviour, or he never could have wasted an hour's candle-light over that story, which every one may interpret so as to suit his own case. Yet I have thought, at other times, when feeling less charitably towards him, he must have construed Christian's adventures into an allegory on money-getting, or he never would have taken up the book twice. But this is all speculation. I must state the facts of his character fairly on both sides—if I can find two sides to it. Neither going to church, nor reading the "Pilgrim's Progress," taught him to be merciful; to give one penny more wages; or to lower his rents one farthing. If he believed in a heaven, he expected it to come by magic, with "hocus-pocus!" and hey "presto!" He had no notion of getting into it by improving the world as he passed along. Perhaps he thought that its enjoyment would depend, like earthly enjoyments, upon contrast, and, therefore, he made, for all those around him and depending upon him, the night of life as black, dark, and cold as he could, that, at last, the breaking morning might be all the more welcome to the poor creatures. But just as I have written this, which seems rather severe, the thought occurs to me—No one ever taught him better—he was brought up so—he had nothing better within him—how could he make the world better?

This leads me to another thought—Who made that sad Robert's Fold such a miserable place? Ay, or seek out for me—commonplace moralist! dividing the world into Pharisees and Publicans,—the very good and the very bad,—the sources of the vice and wo in the most wretched lanes of London. Tell me how much of it may be ascribed to sins of omission on the part of the virtuous, the respectable?—tell me how much of it may be owing to the speculatists, and dogmatists, who have divided mankind into contending parties, instead of uniting them for the improvement of their own nature? But all my thoughts on this subject will be implied in my story; so I proceed with it.

In one of the houses in the Fold lived a poor widow, with a large family of sons, from seven to seventeen years of age. The hut in which they were huddled together was in a wretched condition, and my uncle would do nothing to improve it; but he took the utmost possible rent, while he paid the poor woman (for she labored in the fields) and her sons the lowest wages. Never did I feel so disposed, with all my heart, to hate a fellow-creature, as when I saw him, on a Saturday night, in winter, screwing the last half-penny out of this poor widow, and overcharging her for milk, potatoes, and everything she had of him, while he knew that he was not leaving her enough for firing and subsistence. One of her sons he put in the stocks for stealing three turnips, and two of them have since been transported. For whose fault? I must tell the truth. My uncle knew that what he gave them was not sufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger: when the eldest complained, he told him to seek employment elsewhere, but he knew that none could be found. After a while the eldest of the poor woman's sons ran away from Fordenton, and was never heard of until he was lodged in a jail. I have never lost the impression made upon my mind by the poor, distressed mother. Care and hard labor had effaced all marks of female character from her person, but had left her feelings alive. When she heard of her son's arrest, she sat upon a low stool in her hut, swinging her body to and fro, clenching her hands, and exclaiming:—"Oh, he *would* have been an honest man if he could—Oh, he *would!*—if he *could* have got work and wages—if he only *could!*—he never would have been there!" This was her cry all day long. But I must come to my own case. My misery, while I lived (if I may call it life) in Robert's Fold, was such as no tongue can express, and I shall not torment you with its particulars. It is enough to say, literally and strictly, I had not so good a life as the house-dog. Every good faculty that I had was repressed and blinded. Every good feeling was poisoned, and I was filled with loathing and hatred. "Home!" I had none. I had no place to which I loved to go. I entered my uncle's house every night, when my toil was done, ate my food, in sorrow, and crept heavily, up the old dark staircase to a room without a window, where scarcely ever a ray of light penetrated, to throw myself into forgetfulness. In the morning I sometimes felt instinctively cheerful for a few moments, before I remembered exactly where I was. Then, throughout the day, it was not the hard work that oppressed me, though it was continued from early in the morning till late in the evening;—no, it was not the bodily work—men have done more and happily—but it was the absence of every encouraging motive, of every cheering thought; it was the thanklessness of all I did; it was the slavery of the soul which oppressed me. You may say, why did I not run away? I was a young man, and strong—why did I not seek another situation? Ah, Sir, there *is* such a difference between theory and reality. The worst of my slavery was, that it had deprived me of hope. I saw the world all in the colors which this Robert's Fold had impressed on my mind. Where should I go? I knew not a better place. I had some recollections of having lived more comfortably with my mother; but she was dead, and I wished I had died with her.

I could not bear to look back upon this period of my life, if I did not consider that it has taught me, far better than any book could teach me, some lessons for the good of others. It has taught me, Sir, that men are not to be paid for their labor in money or bread only! The laborer requires, as we all require, brotherly feelings, sentiments of mutual respect, to make him feel himself a man, and live as a man. Who wants an equality of earthly riches among men? They must be poor earthly souls who would strive for such a low object. But an equality of honor and kind feeling for all who labor in the system of human existence—this is what we want,—something to raise the head and encourage the heart of the poor workman, to make him feel that his fellow-men reckon him worth something. I have felt this want a thousand times, heavily, and I know I am not wrong in believing that it is the most pressing and degrading deprivation which the poor and the hard-toiling have to endure. Where is the religious law of "Honor all men"?

Another truth I have learned is, that to mend the thoughts and dispositions of men, you must mend their circumstances too. We are not angels. We are not sunbeams, equally pure in all places. You who look forth upon pleasant parks, from the windows of drawing-rooms, oh, it is so easy for any little book of poetry, or religious prose, to convince you that the world is a very pleasant place,—that the Maker of it clearly designed all men to be happy; but things have a different appearance when viewed, on a dull winter's day, through the paper squares of the cottage windows in Robert's Fold, and many places like it. You who distribute tracts through the miserable lanes and alleys of our towns—your purpose is a good one; but remember that air and light, cleanliness and beauty, are God's good messengers, and contribute your endeavors to remove the gloomy, wretched places left upon the face of the earth by centuries of thought and action bestowed upon wrong purposes. If you would have the people believe in a heaven, show them a little of it.

But I must return to my story though I wish to avoid it. The current of evil and miserable feelings between myself and my uncle was brought to a crisis by circumstances which I must now relate. During the winter evenings I was glad to hide myself in any of the cottages where still some human feeling was to be found. Several times my uncle expressed his displeasure at this conduct, by locking me out of doors. To one of the cottages I was often attracted by the presence of a good-natured girl, who threw something of a cheering light even over the miserable place in which she lived. There was no serious attachment between us; but I frequently visited the cottage to indulge in a little harmless talk, and to screen myself from the continual contempt and ill-will with which my uncle treated me. He expressed his resentment at my visits in every possible annoying way, threatened to turn the family out of the cottage, and to dismiss the brothers of the girl from his service, which he did. At last, on one occasion, he used an expression concerning my visits, which raised my anger to the highest degree. I gave him a violent and threatening reply, and from that time, he treated me with still greater ill-will and severity. One night I came home much later than usual. He was sitting by the kitchen fire. I sat down and endeavored to eat the crust of bread left upon the table for me. He proceeded with a strain of virulent abuse, until I dashed the bread upon the floor, and vowed, vehemently, that I would never taste another morsel in his house. He repeated the exceedingly obnoxious expression. "Now don't say that again," I exclaimed, starting on my feet,—"don't say that again, if—if you would go to bed alive!" He repeated it, just as I laid hold of the barrel of an old gun which stood in a corner; and hardly had the words escaped his lips, when, with one blow upon the back of his head, or his neck, I prostrated him. The blow seemed to have hit me also. I was stunned—a dreadful sound was ringing in my ears—a thick mist was before my eyes—I knew not where I was till I found myself out in the field. There I stood in the middle of the wide pasture under the lowering sky; a few moments since, and I was miserable, but free from crime; now I was a villain—a murderer, not fit to live in the world!

"I have slain the old man! I am a murderer! he forced me to it!" said I, as I sought the covert of the wood; "and now let them take me, and end my miserable days as soon as they please!" I added, as I threw myself down under the trees. I lay there for some time in all the agony of remorse and dispair; but the first glimpse of morning light affrighted me. "To London!" flashed through my mind, and I bent my steps southwards with my utmost speed, taking the loneliest tracks over the moors, and never stopping save to quench my thirst at a spring, and to lave my face, until, at the close of the next day, I was more than forty miles from Robert's Fold. When it was quite dark, I approached a hamlet, entered a little shop, and bought a loaf; then, worn down with fatigue, found a few hours' sleep beside a hay-stack. Before daylight I started off again southwards. I had no clear idea of the object of my journey; but something drove me onwards—there was no spot of the earth upon which I could rest.—But how can I tell you the horrors of that journey to London! How can I make you understand the feelings with which I passed through villages and hamlets, and saw men and women, and heard little children laughing! They seemed to be in another world, far away from the world of despair in which my mind was imprisoned. How could they talk and laugh? it seemed to me so very strange. They were in heaven—I was in hell. Sometimes I thought, "Oh, if this could be all a dream—if it could pass away—if I could once feel I had never done the deed—then the most wretched spot upon the face of the earth would be a paradise for me. Hard work! twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours a day; hard fare! dry chips of bread, the refuse of a beggar's table—these would be luxuries to me; I should be in heaven with them, cowering from the cold wind and the rain, in the most miserable hovel; I should be rich and happy as a king if this smothering load could be lifted from my bosom—if this horrible thought would cease its pressure on my brain." Yet, in the night, strange to say, (but it is the fact,) my dreams were of indifferent things, and my uncle came to me in his usual dress, and set me my jobs of work for the next day. The moment the thought occurred, "This is all a dream; I *have* murdered the old man!" I was awake, so that I cannot be sure that I thought of it till I was awake. Once he came to me in my sleep, and looked more cheerful and friendly than I had ever seen him. "'Come," said he, "we will let this matter drop; 'tis a folly to make our lives so wretched. I will be a good man, and you shall be a good boy." This was very strange, and unlike what is usually said of dreams; but I remember it was the case. I got through the country, and plunged into London to lose myself amid its millions of caring, fearing, toiling, bustling mortals; but it did not seem so busy and crowded as I had expected. The people seemed to have leisure to stare even on the arrival of one poor countryman. They looked out of shops and out of chamber windows. The coachmen and cabmen stared at me. Several persons turned to look back after passing me. A little boy looked up in my face, and whispered something to his companion. All kinds of thoughts—of secret associations for detection of criminals—of speedy intelligence conveyed to London to arrest me—of all the persons to whom I had spoken, or of whom I had bought anything on my way, being in a plot for my conviction—passed through my mind. I did not feel the ground firm under my feet. I could not find air enough to breathe. I walked on, on, on; but no street seemed obscure enough; the people seemed on the watch for me everywhere.

I cannot describe to you the life I passed for some weeks in London; how I wandered from the obscurest lanes into the fashionable streets and squares, and gazed vacantly upon a thousand objects of curiosity, yet seeing everywhere and at all times only one object—my crime. At last, when half-famished, I found employment at a wharf. Here I labored hard, but could not rest; for my fellow-laborers seemed to suspect me. I left London, and went to work at an excavation on a railway. I fell, and broke a limb, which confined me to my lodgings for some weeks, and my health was now reduced to such a weak state that I could not endure severe toil. I next found employment under a gardener, who treated me with considerable kindness. This kindness gave me a new view of life. I saw that it might be made a happy life, and this thought only increased my anguish on account of the crime which had excluded me from all communication with good and happy men. Oh, many of the things that men have been so long complaining about—bad climate, the necessity of toil, sickness, poverty, death, are not worth a moment's discontent. If men would consult together how to deal fairly and kindly with each other—how to live free from crime and evil passions—the world might be a happy place without making all men rich, or healthy, or immortal—without mending the climate, or making the earth teem with fruits, unassisted by the hand of cultivation. Have not men been thinking and complaining, for the greater part of their existence, of things which do not concern them, and, meanwhile, neglecting the plain, simple things, which they might do, and ought to do, for their own good and the good of others? The rich farmer goes to church, hears how the ground was cursed for Adam's sake, and concludes that Adam was a very wicked man; then comes home, and will not let the poor have a fair share of the fruits which the earth is still willing to yield. Then his stacks are burned; he imprisons the men, whom he would not feed, and goes to church again to lay all the blame upon Adam! This is making the worst of the world! Must contrast always be necessary to show us the value of things? Can none but men who have been sick feel the pleasure of health? Must it ever be necessary to go through a purgatory to know what a paradise means? Must the world be thus ever blended of light and darkness, joy and wo, heaven and hell? I know not; but never did I see the heavenly happiness that may be upon earth, amid all its common cares and troubles, until I viewed it in contrast with my own remorse and despair. "Oh men, women, and children, who are free from crime," I often felt disposed to exclaim, "you are in heaven—yes, in heaven itself, did you but know it. Laborer! coming from the field of toil, reposing in your cottage amid your children, sitting down at your lowly board, while your wife prepares your comforts with a busy hand, complain not that your dwelling is humble; divine joys inhabit it; tell me not that your windows are low and narrow; the divine light shines through them; it is godlike, it visits *all;* the breath of heaven blows through them, and you are *free* to enjoy these visitations; and you who dwell in pleasant houses, with peace of mind and with plenty around you, not only happy yourselves, but able to make others happy, what have the angels which you have not? One kind action may prevent a multitude of crimes. Oh! to live surrounded with the smiles, the good wishes, the thankfulness of the poor! To feel that the good, the riches you enjoy, are not stolen from the general good—not bought by the sufferings of others—but that they are a cup of happiness filled from heaven, and running over plenteously for the relief of all around you!"

Deep sorrow is the source of deep thoughts. How I strove to forget my own crime, and my own remorse in plans of benevolence for all mankind! That duty, justice, right is the absolute basis of all human existence; that only in living and acting in accordance with the laws of general welfare, the life and happiness of the individual can be well-founded—how deeply I felt this! What unnecessary truisms did all arguments in books, to prove the reality of conscience and religion, appear to me! I felt them in my own existence; I might have doubted of them could I have doubted of my own being, but not before. It is when a man has offended against the laws of society, (the true, necessary laws, I mean,) that he feels how deeply his own life and happiness are one with them—how it is impossible to live in alienation from them. As the whole trunk, all the branches and the boughs, every twig and every leaf of the expanded oak-tree are contained in the closely-compacted acorn, so all the laws of social existence, unity, and order, are implied in the conscience of a man. They may be shut up, iron-bound for a while; but *there they are.* I felt this. However the transgressor may hide himself from the outward operation of the law, he cannot hide himself from its inward reality. How can he flee from his own true self-existence? I felt that a crime against society demands retribution. I understood the motive, the heart-impulse, which has driven the offender to offer up his life to appease offended justice. This power of conscience, when undirected to its true object, thought I, has produced gloomy superstitions, and demanded cruel sacrifices for atonement; but I sometimes hoped to satisfy its demands in a milder way. I would endeavor to do good. I would make my whole life a sacrifice for the good of others. I would work hard, early and late, deprive myself of all things but the barest necessities, and spend all my earnings upon objects of charity. But how could I put this resolution into practice? Where could I find an entrance into the world? It seemed closed against me, as with gates of brass. Or even if I could do all this, I thought again, it would only be my duty for the present—it could not be *more than right.* How could it have superabundant merit to atone for the past? how could it call the dead to life again? Bad as he was, he was still a man. Heaven was merciful to him, and would have given him time for repentance. What right had I to take the sword out of the judge's hand, and strike the poor culprit down? His voice seemed crying in my ears—"You would not give me time!"

Sometimes I tried to find comfort in a false religion—in arguing that my own deed was an inevitable necessity; but it would not do. I could run on with reasons and say, "Who provoked me to the deed? My uncle. And what made him so harsh and oppressive? Want of better teaching;" and so on, and on, up to the first man; but I could not feel it to be true. I could not remove the load from my own conscience to that of any other man. I felt that if all the world were cruel tyrants and oppressors, still the command for me was as clear and authoritative as ever—"Thou shall do no murder!"

At other times my thoughts endeavored to excuse the deed; but oh, they seemed but like weak, sophistical, special pleaders before an inexorable, penetrating judge. They said, "The man deserved to die—he was cruel, oppressive, injurious to society;" but conscience replied, "He was still a man; God gave him life; who had a right to take it away?" Then I said to myself, "But I was brought up in darkness and ignorance; what did I know of the value of human life—how divine and happy it may be? Would I now injure one human being? No, rather would I die myself. Then let me judge myself according to what I now am, and try to forget the past." But conscience answered, "You are a murderer!—nothing can excuse the crime—you are not fit to live!"

Sometimes my feelings were poisoned with hatred to mankind. "If I am to be punished for my crime," said I, "let the rich, the selfish, and the self-righteous, who leave the poor in ignorance and misery—let *them* be punished too. Are those only who yield to temptation, when it is overpowering, and not also those who lead us into temptation, to be punished? Who punishes those who commit *slow* murder?—who, gradually but surely, starve, and overwork, and degrade the poor man until his existence becomes a burden to him. Shall one hasty act of passion be punished, and cool, selfish, calculating villainy be honored and respected? If justice is to be done, let it be done upon a broad scale, and then how many of the respectable and the rich will be found to be accomplices in the crimes committed by the poor and ignorant!"

But all my complaints against the defects of human laws would not stifle the voice of God's law in my conscience—"Thou shalt not kill!" I dared not enter a church for fear of seeing those words emblazoned before me.

I had always had a taste for reading, which I had now some opportunity of indulging. I borrowed some books of history, and spent my leisure evenings in reading of wars and cruelties, until I sometimes almost felt a moment's consolation in reflecting that there had been *worse* men than myself in the world. Said I, "If our kings, and judges, and warriors, and priests, had employed themselves, instead of making wars, and fomenting hatred, in making the world better, in teaching men how to deal fairly and kindly with each other, we might be saved from crime and misery; but what have they taught poor people?"

I continued some time in my situation, until my master recommended me to a gentleman in the country, under whom he had served; and I again sought relief in a change of place. When I arrived at my destined place of labor, what a paradise it appeared to be for a man with a mind at ease! I had the care of a beautiful garden, and the family whom I served was one of the most amiable in existence. What a heaven this world may be made by kindness and goodness! What a hell it may be made by oppression and evil passions! This seems to some only a common-place thought; but I felt it deeply. I had once believed that the earth was almost solely inhabited by cruel, unfeeling, selfish creatures—now I found that there were angels on the earth; but I knew it not until it was too late for me to enjoy their society; until, by crime, I had excommunicated myself from the company of the good and the happy. My master's eldest daughter frequently came into the garden to converse with me; she observed my gloom, and would sometimes say kind words to mitigate my despondency; at other times, she gently reproved me for not appearing at church. How little could her gentle spirit comprehend of the depths of despair into which I had fallen! I bent over my spade as she spoke, and never dared to look her in the face. The little children kindly noticed me. I could look upon their innocent faces, and it sometimes did me good. Sometimes I thought, (or rather endeavored to think,) "I shall be judged by merciful heaven according to my present will and disposition, and not according to what I have done in my madness. I cannot be yet an utter reprobate, or these children would not trust themselves in my presence." I tried to see smiles from heaven in the smiling faces of these children. But these thoughts would not stay with me—they faded away, and left me in all my dark wretchedness again. I cannot describe all my inward torture—if I could, my reader, (happily for him!) would not understand it. There is a point beyond which thoughts and feelings of agony cannot be communicated and explained to others. My sufferings exhausted my health, and I sunk under a slow fever. The kindness of the woman in whose cottage I lodged seemed wonderful to me. Then I thought how I had only to say one word, and all this kindness would be suddenly turned into abhorrence. But during my illness I wept under a sense of the kindness of my attendant, and my tears relieved me.

I recovered; but I could not rest in my situation. A blind impulse drove me away; with a few hoarded shillings in my pocket, I wandered through the country, and, (why I knew not,) directed my steps towards the north. I could not bear my suspense. I felt as if something was dragging me on to Fordenton, and to that terrible Robert's Fold, where I always saw the dead old man stretched out upon the floor! The reader may believe it or not, according to his knowledge of human nature; but all human actions are not to be accounted for. I went on, day after day,—on, on, on, until I arrived at a village within fifty miles of Fordenton. I sought out the obscurest public house—I cast my usual glance of suspicion about the place, then entered, and sat down in a corner to take refreshment. I had not sat half-an-hour when the door opened. I started, as usual; but heavens! what did I feel as I recognized the face of Harry, Fanny's brother, who had lived in the Fold. He stepped up to me, with a hearty look of recognition. "Ha, ha!" said he, "a pretty midnight flitting you made of it, and rare and dull the old man has been ever since you went, for some one to abuse. He goes very lame of the rheumatism now, and I dare say if you 'd come back he 'd forgive you all, (though 't was a rough paring you had,) and leave you the cash, my man!" This, I believe was what he said; but I hardly heard it. "I am very ill," said I, (and it was true,) hastening out of the house. I felt as if I must faint; but the fresh air restored my consciousness. "The old man alive!" thought I; and that thought made the earth seem too happy a place for me to live in. Then, again, I thought, this must be all a dream, or the young man was an agent in a plot for my apprehension. Not until the next morning was I restored to a clear consciousness of my altered situation; and then what a morning! what a new-created world! New heavens and a new earth shone upon me! I will attempt no description of my feelings. A conversation with Harry assured me of my happiness. "I am a man again!" thought I, "and now let poverty, sickness, hard labor, death itself come, I fear not!" But it was months before I could drag myself to Robert's Fold, and dare to look upon the supposed dead man alive. Not until I heard of his serious illness did I venture to go. He had sunk into half-imbecility, but conscience was awake within him.

"Richard 's come again, I is he?" said he, as the housekeeper mentioned my name to him. "Well, well, Richard, take care of the money; don't stay out late at nights; don't idle about; go to church, Richard; take care of the money, Richard; but stop! there are some we 've paid short, Richard; Sally Dunn—both her lads run away, they say; sad job! pay Sally Dunn her wages; make all straight, Richard." He chattered on in this way day after day, whenever aroused from the stupor into which he was disposed to sink. The clergyman visited him, and tried to make the precepts of truth, justice, and mercy, intelligible to his benumbed faculties; but he only kept muttering about "Sally Dunn, and both her lads run away from her!" "Oh," thought I, "if they had but taught this poor man better when he was young and well!"

I must end my story here. The old man died. His money fell into my hands; but I have never felt that it was *my own.* It belongs to the poor. I have worked hard for my own livelihood ever since, and so I mean to do as long as I can handle a spade. I have built a school in Fordenton, and have endeavored to expend ill-got treasures in relieving those circumstances of ignorance, poverty, neglect, and misery, which impel men to evil passions, to crime, and to such misery as I have felt, and which I would have no other human being feel again! And if I had the ability, as I have the will, to influence others; if I had the tongue of an orator, or could wield the pen of a ready writer, I would spend all my strength, and sum up all my arguments, in saying to the rich men, the legislators, the judges, the clergy, to all who deplore the increase of crime and misery among the people,—"Oh, good Sirs, do not be satisfied with punishments; do not be satisfied with death-bed penitence; but unite all your wisdom and all your benevolence, and prevent! prevent! prevent!"

J. G.

From Dickens's Daily News.

## PEN vs. SWORD.

The silent yet certain triumphs of Captain PEN over Captain SWORD become with every day more manifest. The far-off muttering across the Atlantic has only served to prove this happy truth. The national mind is shaken in its faith of glory. The national honor, it is thought—and we trust the opinion will pierce and enlighten every nook of the empire—may be preserved without the aid of gunpowder. The bellowing, brutalizing *ratio regum*—think of the reasoning of forty-two pounders!—is condemned as a mischievous, an expensive bully, that, after all its mouthings and murdering, often fails to work out its purpose; leaving in the end treaty and arbitration to finish what fire and slaughter have failed to achieve. And so men have begun to think that arbitration should be tried first. They have begun to consider the great God of war as no other than a great devil in disguise; bedizened, pranked out, covered with finery, to cheat the weakness of mankind; and continually miscalling things to pass off lies for truth. Year after year his fiery godship has gradually sunk in repute; and at the present moment we have thousands and thousands of men—active, thoughtful Englishmen, the working-bees of the commonwealth—lifting up their voices, and praying that the huge nuisance should be abated; that the worship of the bloody idol should be anathematized as a "creed outworn;" that the Moloch should be cast down. "Mr. ALDAM," says our parliamentary report of Wednesday, "presented a petition from Leeds, signed by 15,000 inhabitants, against the enrolment of the militia, and praying for an amicable settlement of the Oregon question."

Nor is Leeds alone in the good work; Manchester and Birmingham are bestirring themselves, whilst in fifty other lesser places the people have assembled and protested against the foolishness and wickedness of war. The report of the enrolment of militia has been received throughout the country like the threatened visitation of some scourging disease. There was a time when this playing at soldiers was considered a very fine pastime, indeed; an elevating game, intoxicating people with the fumes of glory, and filling the land with little CESARS, petty POMPEYS, proud of imaginary laurel; puffed with the thought of not impossible renown. But somehow the drum has lost its music—(has the schoolmaster knocked a hole in the parchment?)—somehow, the blazing, blinding red coat has faded into "the light of common *sense*," and men shake their shortened ears at the roll-call to glory, and shrug their shoulders at the regimental livery. Glad are we that it is so. Grateful is it to acknowledge in this pacific manifestation of the people—for addresses and resolutions condemnatory of the militia movement have in hundreds of instances emanated from the masses—the best fruits of a long peace; fruits that continued peace must only endear to mankind, until, in the fulness of time, the atrocity and stupidity of war will be thought of, as we now think of the bloody feasts of ODIN. We acknowledge in this movement the humanizing and refining influence of our Mechanics' Institutions, and such schools for the popular mind. At such places, though brief be the visit, and imperfect the means of instruction, men gradually learn the true value of military glory, balanced as it there is by the triumphs of science. They cannot but see and feel that the tree of knowledge bears far other fruit than cannon-balls.

Nevertheless, we are fast recruiting that we may meet the Americans on fair ground. And happy, indeed, are we to declare it: the ranks are filling, even beyond our first hopes. In Birmingham and Manchester our forces promise extraordinary strength. Men of highest character and clearest heads (far too clear to be riddled by bullets!) have already enlisted. They have handled their weapons, and have already fallen to. And yet not an ounce of saltpetre has tainted the atmosphere; not one drop of human blood has stained the earth. And for this most excellent reason: the soldiers are soldiers of the Pen—of the first Goosequill battalion. For be it known,—and be the example copied throughout the country, that in Manchester and Birmingham societies have already been organized; commercial corporations intent on peace; to correspond with their mercantile brethren in America, to discuss this said Oregon question, and to plead and argue that no obstinacy, no sophistication, nick-named for hostile purpose, national honor, should plunge two nations—gifted with the same language, and blessed with the same treasures bequeathed by "the large utterers" of that language—into miserable, stupid war.

It is true that these soldiers of the Pen—these recruits of the counting-house and counter—have not the taking look, and the captivating fife-and-drum music that invest the real warriors with a show, at once so terrible yet fascinating. For instance, there is nothing in the contemplation of their array to move, and melt, and then fix the female heart. Dull, plain-looking soldiers are they: not wheeling, nor marching, not handling their arms—glittering so brightly in the sun!—but quietly, drudgingly manœuvring upon paper; displaying to the best their force of reason and argument to defeat folly and enkindle Christian feeling. There is no belching of cannon—no showers of murderous shot—no human blood flowing from a thousand human creatures—no blaspheming in the death-agony—no homicide committed to prove *a right*—but words, words, words, are all but silently falling upon paper, that they may sink into the souls of distant men. We know that an array of such soldiery may be to the gunpowder mind a poor and shabby squad. Still, we must prefer the use of periods to bayonets. And then,—to take no higher, no more ennobling argument,—consider the cheapness of this mode of warfare. Ships, and parks of artillery, and regimentals, and rations, are expensive things. Things that beget taxes. Now, consider the economy of pen and ink!

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SILENT, BUT ELOQUENT.—In the dreadful earthquake which destroyed the city of Caraccas, in 1812, with forty thousand inhabitants, the clock of the cathedral was stopped, it is supposed, by the first shock. The tower in which the dials are placed, one fronting each quarter of the heavens, remained standing: although the clock has been repaired and set going again, one of these dials and its hands have never been disturbed. They still point to the hour and minute which heralded so many thousand souls, without a single moment's warning, into eternity.

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NEW LEBANON SPRINGS WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT.

In this place, so long celebrated for the beauty of its scenery, purity of the air, and utility of the water, is now instituted a WATER-CURE INFIRMARY; which, from the above considerations, promises to be of the greatest importance to the afflicted, and to persons wishing to spend a season in the country for the purpose of recruiting the energies of the system, after a time of illness or hard labor. The beauty of the scenery and salubrity of the air, is not often excelled in any country. The water is abundant and of all temperatures, from ice cold to 72 degrees Fahrenheit Ther. The mountain springs have been tested by the celebrated chemists, Dr. Chilton, of New-York, and Professor Avery, of Hamilton College, and pronounced perfectly pure and soft. The various baths, as PLUNGE, SHOWER, DOUCHE, HOSE, FOUNTAIN, EYE & EAR, COLD or WARM, are so constructed, as to be comfortable, inviting, and easy of access by invalids at all times. The rooms are so warmed as to render them per